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WHO'S RUNNING

THE FOUNDATION?

By Alice Widener

THE newest and biggest giant among philanthropic institutions is the Ford Foundation. Its assets are more than half a billion dollars, and its income in 1951 and again in 1952 exceeded 30 million dollars. During 1951 and 1952 the Foundation made appropriations of 75 million dollars.

Taxpayers as well as customers of the Ford Motor Company make possible the activities of this colossus even though they have no direct control over it. Most of the profits of the Ford Motor Company go to the Ford Foundation, which owns more than 90 per cent of the stock of that company. Whereas the Foundation is tax-free, under current tax laws the Company would pay up to 82 per cent on some parts of its income were it not diverted to the Foundation.

The Foundation is, of course, a trust for the public benefit. Therefore all Americans, as well as its car-buying benefactors, should take a good look at it.

Incorporated in Michigan on Jan-

uary 15, 1936, the Foundation was established to receive large parts of the fortunes earned by Henry Ford and his son Edsel, who were prompted by a desire to advance human welfare and were faced with the realities of taxation.

For twelve years the Foundation made gifts to institutions in the Detroit area and to other institutions of personal interest to the Ford family. In 1948, after the death of the principal donors, the trustees of the Foundation appointed a study committee of eight eminent educators to suggest how best to spend the vast sums soon to come from the Ford estates.

Two years later, after interviewing more than one thousand leaders from many aspects of American life, the study committee proposed and, in the words of Henry Ford II, "the trustees decided that the resources of the Foundation should be devoted to programs for the advancement of peace, education, the behavioral sciences, democratic institutions and economic stability."

Since this expanded program was adopted in September, 1950, nearly three years have elapsed. A preliminary evaluation is in order.

SO FAR, the Ford Foundation cannot justly be accused of hoarding its money or of inactivity. Quite the contrary. It has been furiously busy making grants to existing organizations and creating new ones for more or less specific purposes — the Fund for the Advancement of Education; the Fund for Adult Education; the Free Russia Fund (which was renamed the East European Fund); Intercultural Publications, Inc.; Resources for the Future; and the Fund for the Republic.

As the Foundation's five-point program begins to take shape, however, it presents disturbing facets. One has to do with personnel, particularly on the operational level. The trustees of the Foundation and the directors of the subsidiary funds and organizations enjoy vast prestige and respect, of course, although even at this top level a regrettable left-wing emphasis is apparent. Many are former New Deal bureaucrats.

The trustees and directors do not actually run the Ford organizations, however, even though they receive substantial yearly stipends. They are principally occupied with running business corporations, universities, banks, law firms, and scientific research projects not connected with the Ford Foundation, which is a side activity for them.

When a well-known journalist told a member of the board of directors of a magazine financed by the Ford fund that it was the target of widespread and justified adverse criticism, the director answered: "You know, I've got a couple of issues of the thing at home. But frankly, I've never had time to take a look at them."

The day to day work of the Ford Foundation is done by the various officers and staffs, and here the New Deal bias is much more marked. Until a few weeks ago, the president of the Foundation was Paul Hoffman, of Marshall Plan and ECA fame. He is still a trustee and chairman of the board of directors of the Fund for the Republic. One of four associate directors of the Foundation is another former ECA man, Milton Katz.

AT THE present writing, the man in charge of the New York office of the Foundation is Bernard L. Gladieux, who was assistant secretary in the United States Department of Commerce from 1945 to 1950. On February 6, 1953, Senator Malone of Nevada had some comments to make on the floor of the Senate concerning the departure of Mr. Gladieux from the Department of Commerce. Senator Malone said that in 1950 he . . .

. . . rose on this [the Senate] floor to suggest that certain persons in the Department of Commerce were dangerous security risks.

A committee was appointed for the purpose of investigating the charges. . . . After three or four days' hearing, Secretary of Commerce Sawyer rushed up to the Hill and agreed to fire the two men whom I had drawn into the net — Lee and Remington — if the hearing could be stopped.

I did not hear that agreement, but I know it was made, because I could never get the committee together again.

I was really after Mr. Gladioux [sic], secretary to the Secretary of Commerce, and Mr. Blaisdell. . . . They, Mr. Gladioux and Mr. Blaisdell, subsequently quit, for reasons best known to themselves — they knew we were on their trail.

Shortly thereafter the same Mr. Gladioux was employed in a key position by the Ford Foundation.

When asked about Senator Malone's statement, neither Mr. Gladioux nor the Ford Foundation had any comment to make.

The facts that William Remington was convicted of perjuring himself concerning his Communist connections and that Michael Lee (real name: Ephraim Zinovi Liberman) was repeatedly refused United States citizenship and was found to have falsified his application for governmental employment — these facts and Senator Malone's statement cause one to reflect upon Mr. Gladioux and the Foundation. What manner of person is finding haven on Ford Foundation payrolls? What investigations are being made to prevent Ford money — in whatever

form — from reaching subversives or being used for subversive purposes? We know it has happened before in other foundations.

Let us hope that the Foundation has better sources of leadership on these matters than its Associate Director Robert Maynard Hutchins, former controversial Chancellor of the University of Chicago. In 1949 Mr. Hutchins testified before a committee of the Illinois legislature investigating Communism at the University of Chicago. Speaking of that testimony, the late Congressman Eugene Cox said:

In that testimony I could not find any evidence of your being greatly disturbed, or maybe disturbed at all, over what the Communists were doing in our country, what they were doing in our great schools, in the school of which you are [sic] the head, and many others, and as to just what they were doing in Government.

In that testimony you virtually said that you knew little about Communism.

MISSGIVINGS about the Ford Foundation also spring from some of the publications which it finances. Examine, for example, *World Affairs Are Your Affairs*, a book prepared for the Experimental Discussion Project of the Fund for Adult Education and copyrighted in 1952.

World Affairs Are Your Affairs lists nine books in its bibliography on India. One is *India and the United States* by Lawrence K.

Rosinger, which is described as being "limited to a careful presentation of facts. . ." In its report on the Institute of Pacific Relations (page 213) the Senate Internal Subcommittee said:

By three credible witnesses during these subcommittee hearings, Rosinger was identified as a Communist. When he was given an opportunity to deny these allegations he elected to refuse to testify on the ground that his testimony would tend to incriminate him.

The same McCarran Committee report also quotes a review of the Rosinger volume which accuses it of "underhand suggestion, vaguely formulated suspicion, cleverly dispersed innuendo—all under the mask of irreproachable objectivity. . ."

The books of other pro-Communist authors are listed in *World Affairs Are Your Affairs* without being so identified. Furthermore, the annotations falsely attribute an objectivity to many of the books that are written for a left-wing or worse propaganda purpose. Ford Foundation money is being used to mislead people to the Left.

Another publishing venture of the Foundation is a quarterly magazine entitled *Perspectives USA*, issued by Intercultural Publications, Inc. Printed in English, French, German, and Italian and distributed in some twenty-five foreign countries, the announced purpose of *Perspectives USA* is to foster world understand-

ing through the exchange of ideas.

According to the publisher, "Its editors will try to set materials before their readers that may enable them to view the culture of the United States in accurate *perspective*." In this the magazine fails, miserably and viciously. The contents are largely culled from the small literary *avant-garde* magazines which pride themselves on a lack of appreciation of contemporary American life as it is enjoyed by the vast majority of American citizens.

How the poems of E. E. Cummings in the Winter, 1953 issue can be translated—much less understood—by their foreign readers is a question hard to answer. I quote this "poem" exactly as it was printed:

I oo k —
pigeons fly ingand
whee(:are, SpRIN,k,LiNg an in-
stant with sunLight then)I —
ing all go BlacK wh-eel-ing

Aside from its unintelligibility and unsuitability to represent American life or culture, *Perspectives USA*, so far, has been a vehicle for the writings of many well-known pro-Communists.

Lionel Trilling, the guest editor of Issue No. Two of *Perspectives USA*, states that he chose for it the writings of American authors belonging to a group who "are especially aware of the social and political context in which the intellectual and creative

lite is lived." Having identified himself with this group, Trilling said a typical member of it would say: "We are not trying to represent the American Spirit or the American Quality . . . We don't know what the American Spirit or the American Quality is, and we have no intention of trying to find out."

Obviously. The lead article chosen by Trilling is "America the Beautiful" by Mary McCarthy, who makes the Kremlin's three cardinal hate-America propaganda points: that Americans are crass, witch-hunting materialists; that we're a nation of war mongers; that we're a nation of racists. Mary McCarthy wrote:

1. The inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness appears, in practice, to become the inalienable right to a bathtub, a flush toilet, and a can of Spam.
2. . . . there is a great similarity between the nation with its new bomb and the consumer with his new Buick.
3. . . . Only among certain groups where franchise, socially speaking, has not been achieved, do pleasure and material splendor constitute a life-object and an occupation. Among the social outcasts — Jews, Negroes, racketeers and homosexuals — . . . the love of fabrics, gaudy show, and rich possessions still anachronistically flaunts itself.

Surely, this last quotation is one of the most vicious racist statements ever penned. How will foreigners

react to the evil bracketing of — *Jews, Negroes, racketeers and homosexuals*? How are Americans going to react? Will they accept this? Or will they issue strong protests to the Ford Foundation, which recently set up a \$15,000,000 Fund for the Republic with the announced purpose of protecting American civil liberties — and what seems to be a behind-the-scenes purpose of fighting individual U.S. Senators and the constitutional right of Congress to conduct investigations?

When Mr. Henry Ford II testified before a Congressional committee in Washington, November 24, 1952, he made the forthright, patriotic statement: "If anyone uses the funds of the Ford Foundation for un-American activities, we will never give them another dime." Americans have the right to know if the Ford Foundation is going to give another dime to *Perspectives, USA*.

As this writer sat in the Ford Foundation reception room on February 17, 1953, an executive from the administrative offices stood waiting with two companions for an elevator. "Did you hear the speech?" he asked. "The New Dealers have left Washington to the car dealers. Wow! Wasn't that great?"

I looked up at a portrait of Henry Ford I, car dealer.

The thought occurred to me that Henry Ford II, misled by the Foundation brain trusters, is trying to atone for all the sins his grandfather never committed.

DOWN TO EARTH

. BY ALAN DEVOE

The Whole Man

BECAUSE the human creature, as he really is, is a unique creature, tremendously baffling, indeed in the most exact sense nearly unthinkable, it is a perennial temptation to ease and simplify our thinking about him by neglecting this or that aspect of his makeup. It is tempting to fall into the minimizing and fragmentation of him which results in the schools of Nothing But.

The human creature, we say, is nothing but matter: a nexus of particles, chemistries, reactions. He is his heredity plus his environment, and is to be accounted for in his entirety as a sensitized lump of participance, so to speak, in the general mechanics of the universe, all of this being ironily interlocked together, man included. Taking this view of man, we are enabled to analyze away and disregard such troublesome and a-scientific things as any "soul" in him, any agency with a will and responsibility, any psyche indwelling at the core of personality.

Looking at man in this way, con-

sidering him precisely as we consider a tadpole being "conditioned" in the laboratory or a plant growing and being shaped under the all-powerful influences of its species — heredity and the accidents of soil and sun, winds and weathers — we find man not too difficult to think about. We find that, regarding man simply as a mechanism, all sorts of things about him become easily intelligible. Why is this man here a Republican? (or a Democrat, or a Communist, or whatever?) Well, we go searching in his background for Datum A and Datum B and Datum C — the nature of his father, the nature of his childhood environmental factors, the traumatic adventure at the age of four which set up thus-and-such a series of mechanical reactions in his subconscious — and presently, presto, if we have enough available data, we can put the whole picture together and say: This organism has its present political character willy-nilly because thus-and-such factors, under the iron laws of determinism, brought this inescapably about.

NEVER mind the man's protestations that his political views are what they are because he has "thought them out," reaching them by agonies of intellection and holding them by a resolution of will. What he calls his "thoughts," we see, are in fact as machine-determined as the length of his legs (the hereditary end-product of the eight legs of his grandfathers, plus the fact that his mother fed or didn't feed him thus-and-such amounts of milk and orange juice in infancy). Give us enough data and we can reduce all "thought" to predictability. We can reduce the entirety of human personality to only a greater tadpole-twitch.

On the other hand, should we do our considering of the human creature from another angle of thought, we may come to an opposite reduction and simplification of him. We may say that what man "really" is — the thing that is his essential principle, and the governance of all the rest — is nothing but mind: pure thought, pure spirit, a psychic essence.

It is essential to human thought, we may say, to suppose that the thinking mind attains some insight into the real. Mis-doubt that, and we are well on the way to lunacy. If *all* thought, as on the materialist hypothesis about man, is only such a dictated jig of the atoms of matter as the over-all mechanics of the universe enforce upon particular brains at particular times, then of

course the thoughts of no particular brain are any "truer" than the thoughts of any other. The man who holds the Chair of Psychology is no righter, saner, or better acquainted with truth, than the man who thinks he is Napoleon.

The "thinking" of both is compelled. Heredity plus environment; the heave of the blood plus the twitch of the nerve; Influence A plus Influence B; put them all together and in one case there results the honored Professor, in the other case the gentleman with the cocked hat and his hand thrust into his waistcoat. They are what they are because they cannot be anything else. They think what they think because their thinkings are imposed upon them by the accidents of material circumstances which form each man. And the same thing (obviously) must apply to the "thinking" of us who have reached this intellectually suicidal conclusion.

WE MAY say: That way, unmis-
takably, madness lies. So it must be the case — indeed we must *assume* it to be the case, if we are to think at all, and consider the human creature at all, and not just lapse into a muttering grunt of mindlessness — that what is primary in man is not matter but psyche.

The moment we begin considering man under that simplifying assumption, we again find man not too difficult to think about.

Psyche, spirit, call it what we

like, can be seen to be tremendously operative upon matter. It can be seen to be sovereign.

By the action of a man's psyche, he can think a peptic ulcer into being, and he can think it away again. Let him permit his psyche to get sick, morbid, tired, off-the-rails because of a negligence of training, and he can perfectly easily persuade his eyes to go blind, or his ears to go deaf, or his bowels to tie themselves in knots. By what he does with his psyche, the psyche's docilely responding servant, the body, can be made to stiffen in paralysis or surge in a strength of confidence, to feel pain or not feel pain, to live or die. All depends on the mind. It is the mind, most exactly speaking, that creates reality. It is only in the mind, when you come right down to it, that this universe exists at all, for each of us. We cannot at all "prove" that we are alive, that those trees and birds out there really exist, that anything *is*. It is all a construct in each of our individual minds. Each of us makes his world. Each psyche, in a legitimate analogy, performs in its fashion the function of God: creating and sustaining the universe for itself.

Psyche alone is real, we can say; and, infatuated with that easily entertainable view of man, we can find endless adducements to persuade us completely. We can think of everything from the central and quintessential fact that mind *must* be regarded as at least partially "outside"

the blind and iron necessitousness of matter if we are to believe in the validity of thinking at all, to such high and picturesque considerations as (for instance) the way a concentrated fakir can, by detaching his psyche, detach himself from pain. Holding his hand in a candle-flame, he can "go away" in a journey of the mind; and though the flesh sizzles and crisps, there is no suffering, for the central self, the true inner reality of the man, has attached itself elsewhere, in a contempt for the creaturely and subservient body.

IT is not too difficult to think about man if we think of him as psyche. It is not too difficult to think about man if we think of him as soma: the flesh, the materiality, the organism completely caught up in the cause-and-effect pervading all the universe's mechanics. What is difficult to the verge of impossibility, what must stagger us with the sense of impossible paradox at the very heart of truth, is to consider Man Whole in an embrace simultaneously of both views about him.

It is the foundation of all the logical thinking to which we are accustomed that a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time. Antitheses cannot coincide: freedom and slavery, black and white, little and large. But if we are to look at Man Whole, it is precisely thus that we must think. We must think two contrary things at once, and think them steadily. We must look —

and it is much harder than staring at the noonday sun — at a Total Truth which must involve a synthesis far higher than our human minds can grasp.

Theologians are sometimes twitted, by the simple-minded, for acquiescing in (though confessing themselves unable to comprehend) such fabulosesities of mystery as the doctrine of the Trinity. But every man-jack of us, in the simplest hour of our everyday life, has to acquiesce in a mystery no less stupendous. Indeed, we are accustomed to give to this staggering act of faith the name Common Sense.

A sane man, a plain man, the sort that calls himself a common-sense and no-nonsense man — the sort of man we all are in the buoyant and not very meditative days of our boyhood — is common-sensical and healthy-minded precisely insofar as, simultaneously and in blithe faith, he makes two assents mutually contradictory. With his mind's right hand (as it were) he acts upon the necessity — and an absolute necessity it is — of believing that everything in this universe, without exception, is under the iron laws of cause-and-effect and the compulsions of Factor A plus Factor B plus Factor C. Allegiance to that belief is the spontaneous faith making logic possible. With his mind's left hand,

he acts upon the necessity — and an absolute necessity it is — of believing that his thoughts are true insights, his will a somewhat independent will, his psyche a power that can gather itself together and act, as it were, on its own.

To think about man as Partial Man is easy; and it is also the way to be a crackpot. To think about Whole Man — really to *think* about him, not just to act in that easy unreflective assurance wherewith we mostly, by the grace of God, go our breathtaking way — is enormously hard. It can be fairly frightening. It must always be stunningly humbling. For the issue of such thought must be to let us see that when we do even the simplest and most everyday thing — when we step outdoors just common-sensely now on a June morning, when we think about a woodchuck, when we decide to go for a walk up the old mountain trail in the green woods of late spring — we are actually subscribing, however inarticulately or even unawares, in the depths of us, to a blazing faith in unthinkable contrarieties. We are each of us saying to himself, in effect, what are the oldest and most fathomless words of mystical philosophy. We are saying, and at the compulsion of our common sense: I believe, though it is impossible.

» What is the hardest task in the world? To think.—R. W. Emerson



By *Ralph de Toledano*

THE ALGER HISS STORY

IN Lewisburg Penitentiary, a man waits for liberation. The steel walls of his cell do not merely confine him; they hold out a world not of his choice, an enemy world of men who live and pray and bless their Maker. In this world which he holds alien are many who honor him — rich, respectable, or scum of the earth. Yet this man is a traitor and a Communist. His name is Alger Hiss.

In many ways, Alger Hiss is a man without a country, a man who can say “This is my own, my native land” only with that crocodile irony which is the special bounty of treason. Alger Hiss’s “own” land is marked by a red stain on the maps of Europe and Asia, a land where freedom burns feebly and in few souls. Tyranny and terror are its shibboleths, betrayal and bondage its bywords.

Millions can answer the question, Who is Alger Hiss? What he may be is something else again. His name, in its contradiction of symbols, adds to the bafflement: *Alger*,

the almost comic personifier of the rags-to-riches stories; *Hiss*, the onomatopoeia of the spitting serpent. Neither the name nor the man who bears it add up, to most Americans. To them, he is a mystery wrapped up in an enigma. He is the Traitor rampaging in a land which, by its very goodness, cannot understand treason. He is the Communist.

Yet alien though he may be, in a nation which has absorbed the alien and made it native, Alger Hiss is no mystery. If he has deceived his smug and powerful friends, it is because they have not really experienced him. For to experience him, in the tepid flesh and the cold blood of his nature, is to know him.

I experienced Alger Hiss. I experienced him in the pages of congressional hearings as he twisted and turned to evade the inexorable questions of Richard Nixon; in the compassionate words of Whittaker Chambers; in the two trials, as he sat and I sat on hard benches while history closed an old account; at the moment of sentencing, as he

stood to throw back into the teeth of justice the words of Judge Goddard.

THE insight into Hiss's nature came in flashes—and in some cases the intuition did not explain itself until much later. There was the curious episode during Hiss's first appearance before the Un-American Activities Committee. It took persistence and repeated questioning by Nixon to elicit from him the name of one of the government officials who had brought him to Washington — Felix Frankfurter. On the face of it, Hiss was protecting Frankfurter from the guilt of association. But was he? Or was he perhaps serving notice on Frankfurter and others that, if the ship sank, Alger Hiss would not stand alone on the bridge. The enigma is its own answer.

There was Hiss's "explanation" to his friends, to those who had rallied around him but stirred uneasily when his testimony became too ringed in obscurity and contradiction to be totally convincing. Hiss offered an "answer," far-fetched and vile, which poured slime over Whitaker Chambers even when it was not believed. Was Hiss a man fighting for his life and not finicky about the weapons at hand? This would be plausible and to a degree justifiable. But the stories, mutually exclusive, poured the same slime over those whom he professed to love and cherish — his wife and his stepson.

And there was Hiss's behavior on the witness stand in the first trial. Self-possessed, almost amused at the hulking prosecutor who had never hobnobbed with presidents and dictators, he tried insolence once — correcting Tom Murphy's grammar. It was successful with the chattering ladies who made up his courtroom clique. But most of the jury and the uncommitted spectators blinked their eyes, for the commissar had suddenly broken through the tea-party manner. Hiss dropped the insolence immediately, retreating behind his teacup.

These were the intuitions, nestling in the niches of a sturdy structure of evidence which Prosecutor Murphy built. The facts are a matter of legal record, and they have been supplemented since by the belated confession, from a senatorial witness stand, of Nathaniel Weyl, who knew Hiss as a card-carrying, dues-paying member of the Communist cell in Washington which Harold Ware organized. But the trial of Alger Hiss left many questions unanswered — not the questions of his innocence or guilt, for no amount of sapping by the Hiss cult has been able to topple the solid monolith of his guilt; but questions of the man himself, of his motivation and his evil, of the factors which made him a Communist and the forces which led him to compound his treason where others like Klaus Fuchs were to make partial penance in red-handed confession.

DOES the story begin in the boy Hiss, growing up in a Baltimore as yet unsoiled by the grime of this industrial century, carrying on his back the burden of the *lumpen bourgeoisie*? Does it begin in the ambition of a widowed mother who projected a terrible frustration into a nature both gentle and adamant?

Was it then?

Or was the seed transplanted from the heart of Priscilla Fansler, who became Priscilla Hiss, a woman small and implacable, feeble in the wind of controversy but determined in the gale of history? Perhaps it was a virus, endemic to the tainted ideological kitchens of New York, which made monsters of the Rosenbergs and a Bolshevik of Alger Hiss. Unwept and unhonored, dead to the country which offered him both honor and tears, Alger Hiss sits in Lewisburg Prison — and the questions hover about him.

Start, then, with the boy Alger, growing up in a Baltimore which was no longer a community and not yet a modern city. As a schoolboy, he drew spring water from Druid Hill Park to sell in town, raised and sold squab, and played with his public-school classmates. But there lurked in the dark corners of his mind the specter of a father self-destroyed, the razor clenched in a bloody fist. Did the specter walk, many years later, when his sister writhed to her death after drinking Lysol, or a brother took the longer road with more conventional liq-

uids? The mark of Cain-within-Abel must have been a weight on his soul, till he traded it for the more encompassing destruction of the society which should have claimed his loyalty.

Certainly something itched and tortured when, as an undergraduate at Johns Hopkins, he tried to seize stability and place, all student kudos, the fleeting glory of the campus leader, Phi Beta Kappa in his Junior year; top rank in the ROTC; editor of the college daily; member of the elite clubs — even the drinking club, though he was not a drinker; president of the dramatic society; a “smoothie” at campus dances to which he escorted leading Baltimore debutantes. And what of the desperate failures: a Rhodes Scholarship not won; rejection by the track team; and worst of all, loss of the Alexander Barton Cup for the student who had done most for his classmates awarded to another! Instead, he was elected the “best handshaker.”

NO MATTER how much he had, he wanted all, and failing that, what he had became nothing. “Today Johns Hopkins, tomorrow the world,” he could have said. The solid acceptance would overcome the rocking instability, the tremulous step of the insecure. The charming smile, the easy manner of the stabilized rich, the dignity of carelessness — all these could be his, heartfelt and enclosed.

These tensions could have catapulted Alger Hiss with Horatio Alger precision into a great law career. The brilliant mind and the will to success were there, ready at hand. The mind was closed to the gentler arts — to Shakespeare and music, to the books and the cadences that fill the heart with more transcendent longing. The fugal conflict of words and ideas was not for him. He was geared for the pragmatic and the instrumental, for the demonstrable theorem and the practical result.

It was this conventional outlook, this worship of the materialistic, which he took with him from the consecrated Babbittry of Baltimore to Harvard Law School. And the practical man is most prone to the spirit-rappings of Conan Doyle and Karl Marx. At Harvard, the coruscating genius of Felix Frankfurter lay in wait, crouched to leap at whatever ties of Christian tradition still bound Hiss to the American past of his fathers. The soul, however, is not shaped by one fatal interview. Harvard seethed with the Sacco-Vanzetti case which, whatever the injustices involved, was the opening phase of the Communist victory over the American intellectual. In the context of the case, Professor Frankfurter was a hero. So too was Professor Francis Sayre, later to be Hiss's superior in the State Department.

There were others roaming the sophisticated acres of Harvard, men who moved from the academic grove

to the Communist *cloaca* with astonishing directness. Among them was Lee Pressman, forming then to the pattern of the American commissar — half-steel, half-lead, an opportunist with an ideology. Pressman had the organizational approach; success to him was an accretion, work and detail compounded. He was the first conscious architect of Hiss's Communism, moving with his friend to New York and Washington, to the International Juridical Association and the Harold Ware cell. The other influence was to come later.

At Harvard, Hiss proved that his ability and his ambition, which had been tested in the provincial puddle, could also triumph in the metropolitan lake. He was graduated *cum laude* from the Law School after capturing its highest honor, the editorship of the *Law Review*. Frankfurter opened the door to legal prestige for him by sending the young man to Washington as Justice Holmes's law secretary.

Hiss was rather amused by the patriarchal Supreme Court justice, carrying stories to his friends of Holmes's behavior, his tastes, his troubles. The old jurist was tired and troubled; his invalid wife had just died; he needed companionship. The Law, which stands above men but must also be of them, had begun to frighten him. Who could remain Olympian before the growing American revolution? He turned to phi-

losophy and poetry for comfort and vindication. "How about Culture?" Hiss would say, the irony in the quiet voice directed as much against Holmes as against the idea of seeking solace in philosophical speculation, and he would read to him. The irony went deeper — an old man in a dry month being read to by a boy, the old man who promulgated the doctrines of "guilt by association" and "clear and present danger" being read to by a boy who would strike at the pinnacled Law in a manner which the Nineteenth Century mind of Holmes could hardly conceive.

It was in this period that the second fatal, and binding, interview occurred. Alger Hiss married Priscilla Fansler. Each marriage is set in its own destiny. Some are made in Heaven; this one might well have been made in Moscow. For Priscilla Hiss bore her own frustrations, her aggressions and tortures. Serious beyond humor, dedicated beyond redemption to unformulated goals, she carried on her conscience the scars of a broken marriage, of a Puritanical childhood, of a purposeless will which, world without end, invites the Devil.

On the surface, Priscilla Hiss was prim and repressed, pickling her passion in acidulous wit. But in her heart, she was the Walter Mitty of the revolution. The women who knit while the tumbrils roll were not her idea; she wanted to hold the reins in her hand. She was not a Communist at the time of her marriage to

Hiss, but there is little doubt that she dreamed of Charlotte Corday — and as a Corday *marquee*, she made her mark on Alger. Boston, when Hiss began his practice of law in that city, was too small, too confined for her. She pushed him into taking a position with the law firm of Cotton & Franklin in New York.

LEE PRESSMAN was in New York. So too was the International Juridical Association, an offshoot of the International Labor Defense, which was the Communist Party's legal arm. Pressman drew Hiss into the I.J.A., but Priscilla found more direct political action in the Morningside branch of the Socialist Party — a branch which had already taken more than half of the thirteen steps into the Communist Party. There were no guillotines handy, but soup kitchens for the unemployed served a temporary purpose. This was the induction into Communism for the Hisses, in no way remarkable or dramatic. Thousands went through like experiences, drifting into the party perhaps, then drifting out. But the grappling hooks bit deep into the Hisses.

At precisely what point the Hisses took their disloyalty oath, no one knows. But it is clear that when Alger joined the March on Washington of the New Deal, brought into the AAA by Lee Pressman, he was already one of Stalin's elected. More of his colleagues than Americans like to believe had taken the vows of

political continency along with Hiss; he was part of a Communist cell in the AAA which eventually spread its infection throughout the federal government.

The Communist movement is a totality, and as a totality it has certain built-in imperatives. It must reject God as an authority above man unless it can convert God to Marxism-Leninism. It must reject free will and enshrine historical determinism and dialectical materialism, or free-ranging minds will challenge its dicta. It must be conspiratorial and dictatorial, even within its confines of strength, or the open hearts of men may find themselves in opposition. It must cultivate dishonor, for honor itself has its own imperatives. It must nourish treason, for in a totality only the Traitor can be trusted.

The Communist Party which Alger Hiss joined had still to begin its systematic rape of U. S. libertarians. (In its "third," or bloody, period, it was calling Franklin Roosevelt a "fascist.") Hiss did not join out of a misguided love of Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln. He was motivated by a rigorous acceptance of Leninist dogma. Communism afforded certainty and power to counter his life's insecurity.

ONCE he had accepted it, everything followed logically — the clandestine activities of the Ware cell, the first secret meetings with his apparatus superiors, the en-

counter with Colonel Boris Bykov of the Red Army's Fourth Bureau, the step into outright and systematic espionage. His eye did not flicker when he was asked to turn over top secret State Department documents to the Soviet apparatus; his hand did not tremble when he delivered them. Night after night, the documents were brought home for busy fingers to tap out on the old Woodstock. This was the Hiss contribution to the planned destruction of the United States.

But if, in a general way, Alger Hiss had collaborated in the would-be death of his country, he contributed directly and consciously to the murder of an American woman in Moscow — a woman who had left a child behind in the United States, whose crime was that she was married to a Soviet agent caught in Stalin's great purge. She was "Mrs. Robinson" or "Mrs. Rubens," a frightened woman who walked into the American Embassy in Moscow to report that her husband was missing. What American officials knew of her and transmitted to the State Department, fell into the hands of Alger Hiss. He recognized its significance; he knew what it would mean to the Soviet secret police; he sent the information back to Moscow, via apparatus courier. This was the death warrant, written out in Hiss's hand. "Mrs. Rubens" died. The small slip of paper on which Hiss made his notes is her monument.

Two trials, two books, have covered the grim and shocking record of Hiss's activities in the gray years between 1934 and 1938. It does not need recounting. But more than the record, there was the face and the manner of the man as he sat in court, listening and watching intently as the prosecution neatly laid each piece of evidence in place — a cool, arrogant face showing emotion only when the jaw muscle twitched slightly; and always, the hands clasped carefully on his lap, one thumb slowly rubbing the other. Or Hiss, during the recesses, standing outside the courtroom door, smiling and bowing to the friends who clustered about him, as if the trial were merely a vulgar circus put on for the benefit of the *hoi polloi*. But beyond the opacity of expression, the watchful eye never rested.

BUT if the record of those busy years has been nailed down in law beyond the peradventure of a doubt, what of the later years? What of the time when a nation at war was proving that neither depression nor the coddling of a paternalist President could damage its virility? Tall, urbane, well-tailored, and smiling, Hiss remained at his post — still loyal to his disloyalty. The Hitler-Stalin pact did not shake him. Pride of country did not lift the revolutionary night from over his tent. Untouched by the itemized account of his treason which nestled

in security files, Hiss continued to rise in the State Department, holding an impregnable outpost in the camp of the enemy, his people.

With the years, his power grew: busy at Dumbarton Oaks; busy at Yalta, where the world's future was sold for a mess of Stalin's promises; an architect of the preposterous Berlin settlement which left that city an island in a sea of Red. And the betrayals: the Polish government-in-exile, with the third largest combat force in Europe — delivered; China, exhausted by seven years of war — delivered; Korea, split in two — and delivered.

But the driving ambition to have and to hold, the will to treason, never lagged. The Hiss of Yalta, the Hiss of the United Nations conference in San Francisco, was still the boy who had won the scholarships, who had taken over all the clubs, who had graduated *cum laude* from Harvard.

The heat was on now; congressmen were pressing for his dismissal. But Alger Hiss worked steadily toward one last accomplishment. In the last weeks of 1945, Hiss had a plan, subtle but vast, for revolution by reorganization. It is marked in the files as the "Hiss Plan for Reorganization of the State Department." With it, in the files, is the quiet analysis of a State Department security officer, concerned over Hiss's "Svengali-like influence on the mental process" of Edward Stettinius — a Secretary of State who

died in the tragic sense of his own failure. In mingled "admiration and horror," the security officer warned that should the Hiss Plan be put into effect, "the Hiss group will have achieved infiltration in, or control of, four critically strategic points, i.e., (a) UNO itself, (b) the UNO delegation, (c) State Department, and (d) Bureau of the Budget. . . ."

Hiss's "reorganization plan" was his last warbled note in the State Department. Before he could impose it on a President tossed and plagued by problems beyond his comprehension, Hiss saw the danger flag flying. The ice had grown too thin even for so light-footed a skater. But he was still the success boy. From the State Department, he went to the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace — basking in its respectability, enjoying the \$25,000 a year he earned as its president. The stage was smaller, but opportunity still presented itself.

When the Marshall Plan was devised, he was on hand, a participant in a citizen's committee. His contribution was unique; he suggested that the Marshall Plan billions be administered by the United Nations secretariat — a group well salted with men who had left the United States government two steps ahead of the loyalty program.

Play the black and the red comes up. The Carnegie Endowment was Hiss's last play. The rigged wheel

suddenly went honest and Hiss was caught. Eventually he went to prison for the minor crime of perjury. All the king's horses and all the Park Avenue commissars could not save him. The smiles, the bows, and the lies failed in the face of the immutable evidence. Even the appearance of Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, coming full circle to testify as a character witness, was unavailing. American juries are not easily awed, and the stink of treason was strong.

But in his cell, Alger Hiss can take comfort. Though he has become a symbol throughout the country, the figure of a new Benedict Arnold, Columbia University professors weep for him; a British peer writes a sorrowing book about him, collecting his royalties in advance from American millionaires. To them, he is a symbol too, but of "a generation on trial."

The generalization is too broad, but to a degree they are right. Part of a generation sinned with Hiss, still sins with Hiss, and sits in prison with Hiss. It has not heard the quiet voice which speaks in the dark night. It has not opened the Book of Jonah or read the burning line, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." It has not learned that when a soul divests itself of God, Evil takes possession. And not having heard, not having read, and not having learned, it has earned a damnation which Reason cannot chill.

CIRCUS TALK

★ BY BILL BALLANTINE ★

ONE of the best things about the circus is the way it talks. Under-canvas patois has a rowdy vigor that comes partly from its rich use of earthy, old-fangled words, but more from the rough-and-tumble way circus troupers sling their hand-made vocabularies together.

Circus people have grown husky outdoor voices to compete with the elements and defy the clangor of railroad yards and circus lots.

Every one of Ringling's forty-seven departments from Executive to Sanitation has its own protective color. Traincrew, Cookhouse, Lights and Ringstock. Wardrobe, Seats and Props. Each clan twists the speech its own way. Roughnecks have enigmatic words that shout easily across noisy lots. Ushers and vendors screen their nickel-and-dime deals with cryptic talk to baffle customers.

A great deal of American circus jargon comes from the British Isles, almost none from the European continent. A good-sized chunk has been lifted from the criminal world of both the U. S. and the U. K. Some words have wandered out of hobo jungles, but oddly enough little has come from the gypsy camps. A lot

of it is as Victorian as a horsehair sofa, and some is pure Yankee Doodle.

The earliest date I've been able to tag on a circus word still in use today is 1530 (of course, not including *circus* itself, which everyone knows is a Roman antiquity; or *clown* from *colonus*, the Latin name for farmer). The 1530 word is *jakes*. A clown who "takes water" — lets himself be squirted or doused by another clown in a gag — is a *jakes* or is said to be *jaking*.

Though circus jargon is ancient, it stays a lively, roaring language because it means every word it says. Every syllable has been rained on, mud splattered, baked by summer suns, smoked over kerosene torches, coated with dust kicked up by long-gone elephants.

TO BECOME a member of the circus family is to *join out*; to *join on wire* is to be called to a circus job by a telegram from the show. After you *join out*, you're *with it*.

The circus word for performer is *kinker*. Originally it meant a ground tumbler, and came from the way acrobats stretch to get kinks out of

their muscles. Today the term covers all circus actors. Kinkers' wives are *alligators*, probably from alligator bags (which circus ladies favor) as non-performer wives used to be called excess baggage. Children are either *punks* or *gunsels*.

Female supers (the girls who perform in production spectacles, but not in specialty acts) are called *bal-let-broads*. A rookie of either sex is a *First-of-May* first season out, a *Johnny-Come-Lately* the second. A non-working member of a troupe is a *deadhead* or *tourist*, though the latter often means a shirker, mainly along for the ride. A *sunshine trooper* or *sunshiner* disappears or lies down on the job when the going gets rough.

When a man becomes a clown he goes into *Clown Alley*, the circus name for its clowning profession, seldom thought of any more as an actual place, though the name comes from the clown aisle in the men's dressing room.

Shop talk for clowns is *greaseball*, and a *shine* is one who doesn't flat his make-up by powdering. A *producing clown* thinks up gags in which other clowns work. A clown with no gags of his own is a *fill-in*. A clown who works the *come-in* is one who entertains the incoming audience. A *toby* clown is a come-in worker in the seats among the audience.

To a clown, a *gillygaloo* is someone I (and maybe you) would call a jerk. For some unexplainable reason this tanbark word has salt-water sources: *gilguy*, a sailor term for an inefficient

rope, and *galoot*, which was an inexperienced marine in 1835 (thought to have derived from *gelubt*, Dutch for eunuch). *Gilly*, *gillipin* and *scissorbill* also denote stupidity. (British circuses call their audience "the gilly.")

FLYING trapeze aerialists are *catchers* and *leapers*. Their aerial rigging is the *flying frame*. A performer who hangs by his teeth is doing *iron-jaw*. The vertical hanging rope on which an aerialist performs is a *web*, and its manipulator on the ground is a *web-sitter*. The belt-and-rope apparatus used to safeguard a performer during practice is a *mechanic*.

Performers' social talk is *cutting up jackpots*, from the poker term (a pot that can be opened only by Jacks or better, therefore apt to be a rich one).

A braggart is a *button-buster*, or is said to be *three-sheeting* (from the poster of the same name), *hanging his own* (paper, as in circus posters), or *mouthng off*. Eavesdropping is *being on the Erie* (from ear). A letter is sometimes a *pipe*—a curious hangover from an early 19th century custom of leaving on an enemy's doorstep a mocking ballad rolled into a tight pipe-like cylinder.

To go to bed fully dressed is *full-pack*. To *boil up* is to wash clothes. Policemen are *fuzz* or *the law*. Unemployment compensation, on which some show people live in the winter off-season, is *rocking chair*.

"Have you seen Oscar?" is the

warning for the approach of a fireman patrolling dressing rooms, looking for illicit smokers (shortened to "Oscar!" if Oscar is really close).

A circus money belt is a *grouch bag*. Ten cents is a *deemer*; twenty-five, a squirt. One dollar is an *ace*, and five are a *fin* (late 18th century for hand). One hundred dollars is a *yard*, and one thousand, a *horse*. To *crash* is to change money; to *ding* is to borrow some.

Circus people don't save money, they *stash* it; with enough *stashed* to ride out the winter, they *got it made*. Stash started as underworld cant (1811) for stop, to put an end to—probably a blend of either stop or stow, and squash. Being close to broke is *thin*, sometimes caused by *shipping close*—sending too much money home. A circusite is stony-broke when he says, "I ain't got dime one."

CIRCUSES are often called *operas* by their inmates. Small circuses are *mud shows*, *gypsy camps*, *rag-bags* or *dog-and-pony-shows*. Medicine shows are *physic shows*. In circusdom the Ringling Circus is known as *The Big One*. After its spring indoor engagements, instead of prosaically going *on tour* or *on the road*, it *goes out under canvas*.

Circus showgrounds are *the lot*, and when a trouper dies he goes to *the Big Lot*. Each show day is a *stand*. Playing the same town the same day as another show is *day-and-dating*.

Most circus tents are called *tops*.

But the tents that stable the horses are never horse tops, always tents; and the low-squatting tent under which the circus feeds itself three times a day is always called *Cookhouse* by performers and *THE cookhouse* by workmen.

Cookhouse mealtimes are announced by flying a large yellow pennant from one of the cookhouse center poles. On it is lettered "Hotel Ringling," and as long as it waves meals are served. This gives rise to the three most frequently asked questions of the circus lot: "Is the flag up?," "Which way Cookhouse?" and "What's at Cookhouse?" These twelve choice syllables have founded the American vocabularies of many a "hulligan" (circus) family.

The main performance tent is of course the *Big Top*, but old hands fondly call it the *big rag* and sometimes, for no valid reason, *Big Bertha*.

Costumes are *wardrobe*. Adding fancy touches to wardrobe is *flashing it up*. Wardrobe that is tacky, in extremely bad colors or poor taste is *hamalama*.

An act using lions, tigers, panthers, jaguars, pumas, etc. is a *cat act*. Riding-act horses are *rosin-backs*. Sea lions are *seals*. Elephants, though they are all female, are called *bulls*. Two bulls constitute a circus *herd*. (Eighteen herds sounds grander than thirty-six elephants.) Houdahs are *howdys*, and even the most extravagantly bedizened elephant covering is still called a blanket.

TO PERFORMERS, the people who come to see the circus are *towners* or *the public*. The ones who hang around the lot to stare, get in the way and not buy tickets are *lot lice*. Those who sneak in without paying are *sidewalling*, from the old tried-and-true method of bellying under the tent's sidewall. Towners are sometimes called *marks* or *town marks*.

Adjusting a complaint is *squaring a beef*. In the 18th century to set up a hue and cry was to *cry beef* or *give hot beef* (maybe suggested by a bull's bellow); by 1810 *beef* meant *stop thief!* (possibly a corruption or perhaps rhyming slang); around 1880 it became the theatrical term for a shout or yell.

Towners usually get their first taste of circus language on the midway as they stand wop-jawed before the sideshow (*kid show*) gawking at the *attractions* (never called *freaks*) displayed on the gaudy *banner line* as the *outside talker* (never *barker*) from his *bally box* croaks of the wonders inside, and the *steam fiddle* (calliope — always pronounced *callyope*) lustily pipes "Visions of Salome."

Concessions on the midway are called *joints*, from a race track book-maker's stand which is hinged or jointed to pack up more or less flat. The *grab joint* peddles hot dogs; *juice joint* dips out lemon and orangeade. A *bug-man* sells chamelcons; a balloon vendor is a *bag-guy*; pink spun-sugar candy is *floss*. A

damaged novelty or toy is a *fink*, supposedly in memory of one Mike Fink, a no-good dastard who betrayed his sharpshooting act partner by plugging her square between the eyes one matinee (pronounced *matin-knee*).

The public always associates the word *roustabout* with circus labor, but it's one word you never hear around the lot. The common circus laborer is a *working man*, *workhand* or *roughneck*. He keeps his clothes and personal belongings in a *crumb box*, and when he cleans up he *crumbs up*. This is straight out of tramp talk, from the vague resemblance of a louse to a crumb.

CIRCUS workhands have robust nicknames: Mush, Beezook, The Deacon, Grease, Circus Charlie and Wacky Mack. True Love, Charlie Cigar, Old Happy and Mother. Personal Touch, the Whale, Deafy, Dummy, Big Blue and Sundown Red.

Some specialists get their circus names from the work they do — as *Screechie* for sound man, *Stitchy* for tailor, *Shandy* (or Chandy) for electrician (from chandelier), and *Waxie* for harness maker (from his waxed sewing thread).

"China!" is the cry when the show rattles into the new day's circus town.

When the train gets to its final position in the freight yards or sidings it is *spotted*. Sleeping cars lying out of town are in a *jungle layout*.

The flats are taken for unloading and might hear faint left-behind echoes

loading to the *crossing* (of street or
highway end, railroad tracks)

of circus babel. Kinkers cutting
up jack pots. Button-busters, three

The distance from crossing to lot
is *the haul*, and the night-time busi-
ness of taking the circus apart and
packing it off to the train is called
teardown. The circus doesn't just
take things down, it *sloughs* them.
Performers who help the laboring

sheeting their ballet-broads. Leapers
rehashing somersaults. Flunkeys
singing of fish-and-stew. Butchers
grinding grief trays. Street cries of
the midway, steam fiddle and bally.
The jabber, the jangle of greaseballs
and hulligans, alligators, punks,

More **BILLIONS** for Britain

BY PATRICK McMAHON

WHEN Britain's Foreign Minister Anthony Eden and Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler conducted those top-level, top-secret "exploratory" talks with the new Republican administration last March, the question most frequently asked by Washington cynics was:

"Well, how much is it going to cost us this time?"

That is a question which Washington has learned to ask, over the years, whenever British Cabinet members come over here to discuss their economic problems. And, despite the air-tight lid which both governments clamped on the Eden-Butler visit, enough has leaked out to indicate that the cynics again correctly appraised the British objectives. Many things were discussed by the two British ministers with President Eisenhower, Secretary of State Dulles, and Secretary of the Treasury Humphreys. However, it was obvious from the beginning that the one subject the visitors were most anxious to "explore" was the kind and the quantity of U. S. financial assistance that the British could expect now that the Republicans have replaced the Democrats.

There is still no answer to the cynics' sixty-four dollar question. The only assurance that Eden and Butler received in their exploratory conversations was that certain suggestions which they had advanced would be studied, and that possibly alternative proposals might be offered by the United States.

Immediately after the two ministers left Washington, President Eisenhower asked Lewis W. Douglas, Harry Truman's former ambassador to St. James and a participant in the talks with Eden and Butler, to head a committee to make a detailed study of the British proposals, and to draft a long-range international economic program for submission to the President and possibly to Congress, later in the year.

ONE of the British proposals now being studied by the Douglas committee gives some inkling as to the amount of aid which the British hope to obtain from the new administration. Eden and Butler submitted to Dulles and Humphreys a new version of a scheme which has been discussed unofficially by U. S. and British officials since 1944. The

British scheme, in effect, would transfer the major portion of the United Kingdom's eleven-billion-dollar (approximate) sterling indebtedness to the backs of the American taxpayers. That is what the British mean when they talk about a U. S.-guaranteed plan to make the dollar and the pound freely convertible.

Here is the background of the British proposal:

Back during World War II when the British were hard-pressed financially as well as militarily, they purchased huge quantities of raw materials from India, Egypt, Ireland, and other parts of the sterling area. These goods were paid for in what was known in financial circles as "blocked" sterling. The other governments paid the individual sellers in local currencies (rupees, Irish pounds, etc.) and those governments in turn were credited with an equivalent sum in pounds sterling, which traditionally had been the basic currency of a large part of the world, particularly in those countries belonging to the "sterling area."

The blocked balances, of course, were in effect a non-interest-bearing loan by the other sterling area governments to the United Kingdom. The agreement was that the balances would be released to those governments after the war for the purchase of goods manufactured in the United Kingdom, or made transferable into dollars for the purchase of goods anywhere.

As the end of the war approached,

however, it became obvious to international economists that the United Kingdom could neither earn the necessary dollars to make the blocked sterling balances freely transferable, nor could it produce a sufficient surplus of manufactured goods to pay them off within a reasonable period of time through normal trade procedures. The blocked sterling balances approximated fifteen billion dollars, a dangerously high figure for the United Kingdom, whose annual normal exports amount to less than one-third of that figure.

DELICATE hints were dropped by the British to high U. S. officials back in the war days that it would be necessary for the United States to assume a major portion of the United Kingdom's sterling obligations, if post-war trade were to approach the relative freedom desired by U. S. officials and private traders.

As long as those heavy balances exist, the United Kingdom is compelled to keep a firm rein on all foreign expenditures, and to insist that other governments belonging to the sterling area do likewise. The dollar earnings of the entire sterling area are periodically apportioned by the British among all member governments. Each member country can spend so many dollars, as decreed by London, and no more.

This in turn means that each individual importer who desires to buy goods produced in the United States

or other "dollar" countries must apply to his government for a certificate which enables him to exchange his local currency for the needed amount of dollars. The practice which has developed among all of the sterling area governments is, in general, to refuse exchange permits for the purchase of any American-produced goods which might be obtained from the United Kingdom, and paid for with the government's surplus sterling. Thus hundreds of U. S. manufacturers who had enjoyed profitable historic markets in the sterling area found themselves completely excluded as a result of the foreign exchange restrictions that the governments adopted. That is the situation which exists today. Australians, New Zealanders, Irish, and Indians are not allowed to purchase American-made refrigerators, farm equipment, etc., regardless of price or quality, because similar products can be obtained from the United Kingdom and paid for with the surplus sterling owned by the Irish, Indian, etc., governments.

The result has been to constrict the trade along extremely narrow channels, and because of the tremendous importance of the sterling countries in world trade, the effects have been extended to scores of countries outside of the sterling area.

All of these things were forecast by many economists during the war. For a time the Roosevelt administration toyed with the idea of using the Lend-Lease program to assume

the United Kingdom's debts. They made soundings on Capitol Hill, but the reactions were so adverse they quickly abandoned the idea.

AFTER the war, the Acheson-Truman administration evolved several plans to take over the British debts, but each one was reluctantly junked because of hostile congressional opinion. Several roundabout schemes were attempted with no measurable results. Billions of dollars' worth of Lend-Lease shipments were sent to Australia, New Zealand, India and Egypt during the latter days of the war to keep the British indebtedness down. We allowed a substantial part of the 3.5 billion dollar British loan to be used to pay off that country's debtors. Under the Marshall Plan, more than a hundred million dollars of the British debt was paid off, through a complex financial mechanism called the European Payments Union. The British themselves pared down the size of the debt, dollarwise, when they devalued the pound in 1949. And they made tremendous efforts to reduce their indebtedness by shipping manufactured goods to the tightly protected sterling-area markets, at artificially high prices.

But as the volume of "blocked" balances diminished, the British found themselves confronted with an even more serious problem. Countries in the sterling area were acquiring larger and larger amounts of "unblocked" sterling. United States

purchases of wool, tin, rubber, and various other raw materials from the British colonies and commonwealths brought the sterling area as a whole into a delicate balance with the dollar countries. However, as the dollar position of the sterling area improved, Britain's own position vis-à-vis the other sterling countries tended to decline. For, as the other countries earned dollars, these were turned over to London for apportionment throughout the area, and those governments in turn were credited with equivalent amounts of sterling.

The difference between the "blocked" and the "unblocked" sterling balances is this: Theoretically the blocked balances can be spent only in specified amounts and for specified purposes as agreed periodically between the British and the creditor governments. The unblocked balances can be spent freely anywhere in the sterling area or in any other country which is willing to accept sterling. But both the blocked and the unblocked balances represent an obligation against the British Treasury and, since international trade can only be finally balanced through the exchange of goods, the balances also represent a commitment against the future production of the United Kingdom.

The accumulation of unblocked sterling in countries both inside and outside the sterling area has been further swollen by huge purchases of food and raw materials by the Brit-

ish themselves, and their inability to offset such purchases consistently by their exports.

The British Government refuses to reveal the exact figures of its sterling indebtedness. However, it is reliably estimated that the total indebtedness is between 3.5 and 4 billion pounds, or just about the total of their indebtedness at the end of the war.

THE new scheme that the British have come up with to discharge this indebtedness is to induce the United States to underwrite a plan for making the pound and the dollar freely convertible. According to the well-informed London *Economist*, the plan would involve a substantial guarantee fund to be supplied by the U. S. Treasury, or the International Monetary Fund, or both. For several years the British, along with most of the other nations of the world, have been casting longing eyes at the three billion dollars still remaining in the Monetary Fund, most of it supplied by the United States. Under the Fund's regulations, these dollars cannot be loaned to any government except to meet a short-term balance of payments crisis. And even the British economists agree that theirs is a long-term and not a short-term problem.

So one of the things that Eden and Butler "explored" during their Washington discussions was a proposal to change the Fund's regulations so that this three billion dollars

could be made available for long-term needs.

Their basic proposal, the dollar-pound convertibility scheme, would undoubtedly require much more than the Fund's three billion dollars. Here is the way it would work: Any government could freely exchange its surplus pounds sterling for dollars simply by sending them to the United States Treasury, or some other agreed-upon fiscal agency.

Japan, for instance, is not a member of the sterling area, but has accumulated between three hundred and four hundred million dollars in sterling credits. The Japanese are extremely anxious to complete the rebuilding of their war-devastated industries. They need large amounts of capital goods and raw materials. These they have been unable to obtain in sufficient quantity from sterling area countries. Under the Eden-Butler proposal, the Japanese would be able to use their surplus sterling by purchasing raw materials and equipment from the United States and other dollar countries. Our government would simply furnish the dollars to the individual sellers, and Japan's sterling would be transferred to the U. S. Treasury.

THUS the indebtedness which the United Kingdom owes to her

colonies, her commonwealths, and to various other countries, both within and without the sterling block, could be very quickly transferred to the United States. We would have the sterling, of course, which in effect would be Britain's I.O.U. to us. However, there is nothing in current or historic trade statistics that indicates that we will need additional sterling for our purchases. We normally sell the sterling countries more than they sell to us. So whatever sterling we might acquire under the convertibility scheme could simply be added to the already large volume of unpaid British debts to the U. S. taxpayer.

The convertibility scheme is winning substantial support in certain American industrial and trade circles. Hundreds of manufacturers, exporters, and thousands of farmers would undoubtedly reap substantial profits if the countries holding the eleven billion dollars' worth of British sterling were enabled to convert it into U. S. dollars, and spend it in the American market.

But as in all good schemes, there is a joker. Somebody has got to pay the bill. And it is not difficult to guess who that somebody is in this case.

You are right. It is the American taxpayer.

» All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones.
In my opinion, there never was a good war or a bad peace.

— Ben Franklin

Dykes' Dilemma

BY RAY KELLY

EVEN in fantastic Palm Beach, where the unusual is the usual, it was a strange sight indeed. Waving gently in the breeze from atop the flag pole in the Palm Beach ball park was a pair of pants.

The temporarily bewildered owner of the trousers stood at the base of the pole trying desperately to retain what dignity is left to a man in the middle of a baseball park attired in a pair of gaudy-colored shorts; while an hilarious group of baseball players gathered around him, giving out with advice to the good-natured victim — the zaniest, most likable baseball “bug” in the country.

The victim of this outrage was a gentleman named C. Lloyd Fisher. He’s a little fellow on the shady side of fifty who is remembered as the firebrand lawyer of the Lindbergh kidnapping case. His losing defense of the executed Bruno Hauptmann is still regarded in legal circles as masterful courtroom strategy.

Fisher seldom talks about the Lindbergh case any more — especially around a baseball camp. For, as he explains, “I work hard ten months a year and then go South to

forget business and have a good time.” It was the Fisher idea of a good time that brought on — or off — the pants episode.

The Philadelphia Athletics of the American League were only getting even with a big-league practical joker who has been hazing players since 1924. That was the year Fisher discovered the abundance of laughs to be had at a training camp.

Lloyd prefers to use Athletics’ manager Jimmy Dykes, or general manager Arthur Ehlers, as the main targets for his gags. But players and sports writers also receive his attention.

One afternoon when Dykes retired to the clubhouse, Fisher moved to the outfield and elected himself whip-cracker for the galley slaves. “Dykes sent me out here to see that you guys do this thing right,” he yelled. Then he followed up with a steady stream of invective directed at individual players. It made easy listening for the several hundred spectators, and Fisher was having the time of his life, when suddenly thirty-six brawny young men ganged up on him.

An amateur timer in the stands estimated that it required fifty-four seconds to separate Fisher from his trousers and get them hoisted. All the onlookers howled.

The "A's" wouldn't trade Fisher for any other fan. They like to have him around, and to prove it, Dykes, Ehlers, and the others went to much trouble arranging a roistering welcome for the Flemington, New Jersey, barrister early last March.

They hired a marching band with plenty of drum music, ordered huge placards with ribald legends, and recruited two of West Palm Beach's heftiest detectives, who had explicit instructions to march the arrival to the town calaboose — handcuffed, of course — for questioning as a suspicious character.

But they were dealing with one of the shrewdest attorneys in the country. Fisher spoiled the show. He arrived a day ahead of schedule, got off the rear of the train, and walked unannounced into his hotel lobby, which was packed with ball players.

"Afternoon, boys," he deadpanned.

He said exactly the same thing to Dykes and Ehlers two weeks later in a hotel room at Havana, Cuba. It was 4:30 A.M., and two of the most indefatigable guitar players in Latin America, plus a leather-lunged singer of rhumba songs, had just finished serenading the two club officials. For a full hour, no less.

Dykes sought retaliation. He sent the room clerk five dollars to give Fisher a 6 o'clock call. But Lloyd

forestalled this . . . he gave the same gent ten dollars *not* to make the call.

"Dees," said the bewildered room clerk, "is somtings." "Dos crazee Yonkees."

AS ONE might suspect, Fisher is a frustrated baseball player. His small size and "that curve ball" hampered his progress so much that, perforce, he fell into the directing end; but, of course, in mere vocal and business roles — playing them up to the frenetic hilt.

In 1920 Fisher organized the first big-time semi-pro baseball team in his part of the country. Among the players he drafted for this original project was Charlie Berry, later an A's catcher and now one of the top umpires in the American League.

He and Berry became fast friends, and it led to Fisher's first taste of life in the raw at a major-league training base. He accompanied Berry to the Athletics base at Fort Myers, Florida, in 1931.

"Had so much fun I just kept going back every spring," he says.

Fisher, who firmly believes Dykes to be the greatest manager in the game, is practically a commuter between Flemington, Philadelphia, and New York during the season.

Surprisingly enough, Lloyd is one of the few mortals unable to spot any big difference between old-time ball players and the present crop. "They all fall for the same gags," he chuckles.

COMMUNISTS

and the

NEW DEAL

By J. B. Matthews

THERE were a thousand Alger Hisses in the federal government in the New Deal-Fair Deal era.

Scarcely had Franklin D. Roosevelt taken his hand off the Bible at high noon of March 4, 1933, having solemnly sworn to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States," before word went out from Washington that the doors of federal employment were wide open to Communists and Socialists, to say nothing of the hordes of crackpot and fake liberals.

It is literally true that these ideologists of dubious loyalty, if not outright disloyalty, were in many instances circularized with the tidings that Washington thenceforth would be an open city.

What, one may ask, has become of the other nine hundred ninety-nine Hisses? At least two others, Carl Marzani and William W. Remington, were, like Hiss, convicted of perjury. The remaining nine hundred and ninety-seven, whenever exposed or detected, were smarter than Hiss and Remington. They ex-

ercised their constitutional privilege under the Fifth Amendment and refused to incriminate themselves, an escape which was equally open to Hiss and Remington. The latter agents of the Kremlin chose, however, to commit perjury and were caught. They might have gone scot-free, like the Abts, the Witts, the Pressmans, and the rest.

The number "one thousand" is strictly a figure of speech. There were, of course, many more than that number of security risks employed in the federal government during the New Deal-Fair Deal era; and some of them are still holding government jobs in Washington. In the summer of 1940, Martin Dies declared: "There are not less than two thousand outright Communists and Party-liners still holding jobs in the government in Washington." Dies' estimate was conservative.

Recognition of the Soviet Union

AFTER the election of 1932, but before the New Dealers took over Washington the following

March, two things were well known with respect to New Deal plans. One was that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was assured; and the other was that the Soviet Union would be recognized. Shortly after the election, Professor Felix Frankfurter informed friends that recognition was in the bag because, in this matter at least, he had the new administration in his vest pocket.

Recognition of the Soviet Union was tragic error number one of the New Deal.

In a letter dated November 16, 1933, Maxim Litvinoff, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, addressed the President of the United States with a solemn pledge "to respect scrupulously the indisputable right of the United States to order its own life within its own jurisdiction in its own way and to refrain from interfering in any manner in the internal affairs of the United States, its territories or possessions," and further, "to refrain, and to restrain all persons in government service and all organizations of the Government [that is, of the Soviet Government] or under its direct or indirect control, including organizations in receipt of any financial assistance from it, from any act overt or covert liable in any way whatsoever to injure the tranquillity, prosperity, order or security of the whole or any part of the United States, its territories or possessions." It hardly needs to be said that Litvinoff's pledge has been broken every hour

of every day since it was made almost twenty years ago.

Surely no New Dealer will allege that Litvinoff's pledge was *given* in good faith. Of even greater importance, however, is the fact that it could not have been *received* in good faith by the occupant of the White House. To assume the contrary would be to impute to Franklin D. Roosevelt and all the intelligence agencies of the federal government a *total* ignorance with respect to the nature of the Soviet government, the Communist International, and the Communist Party of the United States.

The Communist Party of the United States was known to be an affiliate of the Communist International. The Communist International was known to have its headquarters in Moscow, and to be under the direct control of the Soviet government. Litvinoff's pledge was, therefore, so much eyewash for the American people. We know from sworn testimony that Litvinoff laughed uproariously immediately after the conclusion of the recognition proceedings. We may safely assume that Roosevelt also had his laugh — his well-known contemptuous laugh.

*Communists in and out
of the White House*

RECOGNITION of the Soviet Union was just the beginning. Thereafter the doors of the White House were thrown open to the American

agents of the International Communist conspiracy.

In the printed hearings of a subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate, there appears a letter from former Congressman John J. O'Connor, dated September 19, 1949. The significance of this letter can hardly be exaggerated. Its disclosures are, to put it mildly, sensational. They reveal that the head of the American Communist Party, Earl Browder, and the President of the United States worked in close, even if clandestine, harmony, over a period of years. The minute details of this conspiratorial cooperation should be pinned down in the record before all the principals have passed from the scene. At present, we have only the bare outlines of the plot, thanks largely to the courage of Howard Rushmore of the New York *Journal-American*.

In his letter, ex-Congressman O'Connor writes: "In fact, during the President's 'purge' of 1938, Browder directed purge operations from the White House, from which he telephoned instructions, from time to time." This statement of fact is sensational in the highest degree.

Parenthetically, it may be recalled that Mrs. Earl Browder — long known to government agencies as a Soviet agent in her own right, as well as a Soviet citizen — possessed sufficiently powerful influence to have the White House intervene on her behalf with the American con-

sulate in Montreal, for the purpose of expediting her legal entry into the United States. Prior to that she had been in this country *illegally*. The American consular official in Montreal, who had been assigned to handle Mrs. Browder's case, stated under oath that he "had been given [his] orders not to ask her any embarrassing questions." With respect to Mrs. Browder's visa and admission to the United States, this consular official declared: "Definitely it was unlawful procedure."

Ex-Congressman John J. O'Connor stated that he personally had seen Earl Browder in the White House on several occasions during the period 1933-1939, and added: "The visitors' records might well not show him as a caller, for the reason that he could enter the White House, at any time, and through any door and without any invitation. Such an 'open door policy' toward him [Earl Browder] was often the subject of comment among Democratic congressional, and other leaders, who were obliged to make an appointment, in order to see the President."

EARL BROWDER was not the only Communist Party leader who was received with cordiality at the White House. On one occasion, in the early New Deal years, five nationally prominent leaders of the Communist Party called at the White House to present the President of the United States with a

portrait of himself. On leaving the Executive Mansion, these five enemies of the United States were photographed with Presidential Secretary Marvin H. McIntyre; and the photograph was reproduced in the Communist magazine, *New Order*, official organ of the International Workers Order. The five Communist leaders — William Weiner, Max Bedacht, Peter Shipka, John Middleton, and Joseph R. Brodsky — were all officers of the International Workers Order.

At the very time of William Weiner's visit to the White House, he was financial secretary of the Communist Party of the United States — a fact about which there was no secret. He was, furthermore, a member of the central committee of the Communist Party, the highest governing body of the Kremlin's conspiracy in this country; and, in addition to all this, his real name was Welwel Warzower — *not* William Weiner. Not long after his cordial reception at the White House, Warzower, alias Weiner, was convicted for fraudulently representing himself as an American citizen. Although he was sentenced to a prison term, Warzower was excused from serving his sentence when he pleaded that he had a heart ailment. That was more than thirteen years ago; and Warzower's heart has not yet failed. *He is today Mr. Moneybags of the Communist conspiracy in this country, managing vast business and financial operations of the Com-*

munist Party. He has found it just as easy to stay *out* of jail as he did to get *into* the White House.

Accompanying Warzower on this visit to the White House was Max Bedacht, one-time secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, also a member of the Party's central committee at the time of the visit, and formerly the editor of the party's theoretical magazine, *The Communist*. These facts were matters of public knowledge when Bedacht was received at the White House.

JOSEPH R. BRODSKY, another of the White House visitors who called to present a portrait to the President, was a charter member of the Communist Party in this country. More than ten years before Brodsky was received at the Executive Mansion, he had figured in the news as the receiver of funds for international Communist operations. In 1927, the London police made a raid on Soviet House in London. Many of the documents seized in the raid were published under the title, *Documents Illustrating the Hostile Activities of the Soviet Government and the Third International Against Great Britain, Presented to Parliament by Command of His Majesty*. In these published documents, Joseph R. Brodsky was designated as the person in the United States to receive international Communist funds.

On another occasion in the early days of the New Deal, a delegation

of prominent Communists went to the White House to present the President of the United States with "a drafting board, T-square and honorary membership in the union as a 'great social architect.'" The union which made the President one of its honorary members was known at the time to be engaged in Communist espionage. It was the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, at that time an affiliate of the C.I.O., and commonly known as the FAECT. The leader of the delegation was none other than Marcel Scherer, vice-president of the union and long-time leader of Communist underground activities. The FAECT and Scherer were implicated in atomic espionage at the Radiation Laboratory of the University of California in later years; but enough was known of his espionage activities at the time of his cordial reception at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

The atomic Communist spy, Julius Rosenberg, and the President of the United States were fellow members of the FAECT, the former being an active member and the latter an honorary member.

On yet another occasion, the president of the Workers Alliance, David Lasser, was received by the President of the United States. The executive secretary of the Workers Alliance, Herbert Benjamin, was a well-known Communist Party leader; and it was equally well known that Benjamin administered

the Workers Alliance as an adjunct of the Communist Party.

Communist Organizations Greeted

FOR some years, it was a routine practice for the President of the United States and members of his official family to send cordial greetings to Communist organizations, or to appear in person as speakers for these subversive outfits.

Franklin D. Roosevelt sent his personal greetings to the American Youth Congress, the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, the National Negro Congress, and the Workers Alliance. These four organizations have been cited as Communist and subversive by the Attorney General of the United States. They were Communist and subversive at the time they received greetings from the White House.

Although not in the strict sense a member of the President's official family, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has been a politically active New Dealer from the beginning. Her name carried the prestige of the White House. It is, therefore, relevant to point out that her name has been used in one way or another (as speaker, sponsor, officer, donor, etc.) in support of the following Communist enterprises: All-Harlem Youth Conference; American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born; American Committee for Yugoslav Relief; American Communications Association; American League for Peace and Democracy;

American Relief for Greek Democracy; American Student Union; American Youth Congress; Daughters of the American Depression; End Jim Crow in Baseball Committee; Indusco; Jewish Black Book Committee; League of Women Shoppers; Motion Picture Artists' Committee; National Citizens Emergency Relief Committee; National Committee to Abolish the Poll Tax; National Conference on Civil Liberties; National Council of American-Soviet Friendship; National Negro Congress; National Right-to-Work Congress; National Women's Unemployment Conference; Oklahoma Committee to Defend Political Prisoners; People's Front for Peace; Physicians' Forum; *Protestant Digest*; Southern Conference for Human Welfare; Southern Negro Youth Congress; *Soviet Russia Today*; United American Spanish Aid Committee; United States Arrangements Committee of the World Youth Conference; Washington Bookshop; Workers Alliance; and World Youth Congress. These thirty-three do not exhaust the list.

Writing of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's White House guests, Michael Reilly, in his book entitled *Reilly of the White House*, says: "She often brought in somebody or other that everybody knew was unacceptable on security grounds."

IN AN article in *Liberty* magazine, Mrs. Roosevelt herself made the following remarkable observation:

"The Communist Party leaders are giving youth training; they will help them to live while they volunteer as workers in something which they believe is going to help other young people."

Following the lead of the White House, New Deal cabinet officers greeted, spoke for, wrote for, endorsed, sponsored, or otherwise aided more Communist enterprises than were ever heard of by most Americans.

The assistance which the New Deal official family rendered the Communist movement was not only of the kind already indicated; it consisted also of incessant efforts to stymie or ridicule the investigation and exposure of the Communist conspiracy in this country. In pursuance of this firm policy of denouncing and hindering in every way possible the exposure of Communists, New Deal cabinet officers and the White House itself did not hesitate to indulge in outright lying. For example, on page 117 of his book entitled *The Fear of Freedom*, Francis Biddle, former Attorney General and currently the head of Americans for Democratic Action, states that the Committee on Un-American Activities "attacked" Shirley Temple. Biddle must know that that is a lie out of whole cloth.

The Roosevelts (F.D.R. branch) are still trying to discredit the investigations and exposures of the Communist conspiracy. Witness the malicious and demagogic attack of

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., upon Harold Velde. Like father, like son! Like mother, like son!

Was the New Deal an Accomplice?

ON MANY SIDES, we find the determination of New Deal-Fair Deal writers to edit history in the interests of the reputation of their chief godling, their crudely obvious aim being to exculpate Franklin D. Roosevelt and his regime from any complicity in the entrenchment of Communism at home or the conquests of Communism abroad.

Among the tens of thousands of politicians and pedagogues who were suckled at the teats of New Deal-Fair Deal patronage, there are hundreds who have already written or will attempt to write the American history of 1933-1952 without regard for the record.

One may dismiss these redacting antics of politicians like Samuel I. Rosenman, or those of the little itinerant historians like Richard H. Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., all of whom are among the more recent performers.

On the other hand, one may not lightly ignore the writings of Reinhold Niebuhr, whose reputation as a philosopher of history is truly great, no matter how undeserved. (See Niebuhr's *The Irony of American History*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1952.)

Admitting that other writers employ "the subjective element in historical judgments," Niebuhr is ap-

parently unaware that his own patterns of history have been more subjectively than factually determined. This philosopher-theologian of Union Theological Seminary has been trying to hang all human history on his own little left-wing ideological hatrack ever since he began to titillate Y. W. C. A. conventions with his unintelligible and meaningless dialectics twenty-five years ago.

In *The Irony of American History*, Niebuhr has the sanctimonious gall to accuse an unnamed "politician" — probably Senator McCarthy — of doing violence to historical facts by stating recently "that the vast increase in the number of Communist-dominated peoples (an increase which was made particularly impressive by the addition of millions of Chinese to the total) was evidence of the complicity of the 'New Deal' in the spread of Communism." To the great majority of Americans who have read any appreciable part of the testimony concerning the Institute of Pacific Relations before the subcommittee of the Senate Internal Security Committee (the McCarran Committee), the unnamed "politician" whom Niebuhr accuses of a capricious conclusion was stating an established and damning fact about the New Deal.

What does the august philosopher-theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr himself, have to say by way of an historical interpretation of the Com-

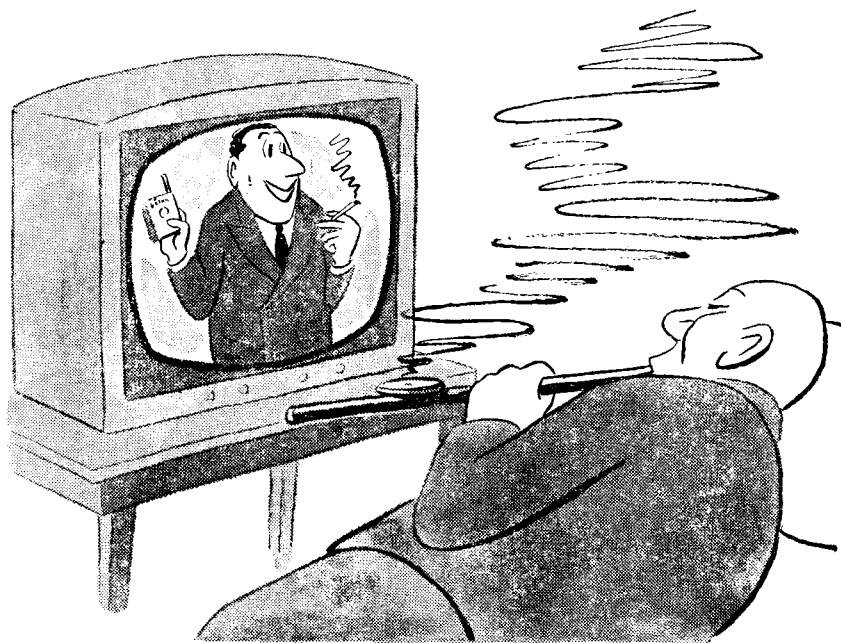
munist conquest of China? "Certainly," writes Niebuhr, "the Communist revolution in China gained its success because the previous regime [meaning that of Chiang Kai-shek] could not establish tolerable justice and order." That is not only the official Kremlin falsification of history; it is also the mendacious interpretation in which Socialists and Americans for Democratic Action (ADA'ers) like Niebuhr join the gangsters of Moscow in their redaction of history for the purpose

of hiding from posterity the New Deal's shameful betrayal of hundreds of millions of human beings.

Niebuhr's lofty pretensions of scholarship are only a mask for his crude propaganda. No wonder he is *Time's* darling theologian!

Slowly, but surely, fact-ferreting congressional probers and fact-respecting historians are piecing together the story of the treachery of the New Deal as an accomplice in the successes of Communism here and elsewhere all over the world.

(This is the first in a series of three articles on Communists and the New Deal)



O'Brian

"For a lighter, more satisfying smoke with no 'morning after' effects, try Blotto cigarettes!"

By James Andrew Mayer

The Woman Who Counts Your Money

• • • \$ • • •

MRS. MARGARET C. RUSSELL is a pleasant-faced, gray-haired woman with just a trace of soft Virginia inflection in her speech, and she holds one of the most unusual and most responsible jobs in the U. S. Civil Service.

She is responsible for the counting of, and the accounting for, approximately 45 million dollars in currency daily. She counts more money than any other person in the world.

Mrs. Russell is assistant superintendent of the Surface Printing Division, in charge of the Currency Overprinting Section, Bureau of Printing and Engraving.

Every day attendants wheel into Mrs. Russell's section trays loaded with large sheets of freshly engraved banknotes from the Engraving Division. Each sheet contains 12 to 18 notes. Treasury notes, Federal Reserve notes and silver certificates. One-dollar bills, five-dollar bills, tens, twenties and on up to occasional runs of bills in the denomination of \$100,000 (the large bills do not go into general circulation, but are used by banks for deposit in the Federal Reserve). As the notes arrive in Mrs. Russell's section, they are not "live" currency. They have

been engraved on both sides, but the serial numbers, secretary's signature, and the seal have not yet been stamped on.

Each batch of sheets is counted by hand, recorded and receipted for. The sheets are then fed into an elaborate press which stamps on the serial numbers, signatures and seal, cuts the sheets into individual bills, and automatically counts them. And out roll by the thousands the loveliest works of the printer's art that mortal man can behold — fresh, crisp, brand-new paper currency. Millions of dollars an hour!

The bills that pour forth from Mrs. Russell's presses are what they call at the Bureau "live" currency. During the split seconds that they speed around the revolving cylinders they are transformed from relatively worthless sheets of paper to money that is freely negotiable every place in the civilized — and even the uncivilized — world.

THE bills are automatically stacked in piles of 100 as they come from the presses, and then they are again subjected to a hand count. Often bills will stick together as they go through the presses and the hand

count is necessary to check on the tally of the machine. Mrs. Russell has 500 women working under her, simply counting money. As each 100-bill pile is counted and inspected, it is bound in a paper band, and then packaged, usually in bundles of 4,000 bills — or 40 piles per bundle. The Treasury notes are then transferred to the Treasury vault, the Federal Reserve notes to the Federal Reserve vault, from where they are transshipped to banks throughout the country, as needed.

At the end of the day Mrs. Russell must check the totals on each machine against the totals turned in by each hand-counter, and these in turn must tally with the count of the sheets received from the Engraving section. And, most important, they must check with the number of bundles shipped to the Treasury and Federal Reserve vaults.

EVERY BUNDLE, every note must be accounted for. And while the total varies from day to day, depending upon the denominations of currency being printed, the section handles an average of 45 million dollars' worth of bills per day.

Contrary to popular supposition, the employees in Mrs. Russell's section, women who personally handle hundreds of thousands of dollars a day, are not subjected to a search on leaving the Bureau. Not even their handbags are inspected — although any unusual bundles can

be opened by the guards. Yet in the thirty-four years that Mrs. Russell has been in the Bureau, she only recalls one theft in her section, and the woman was traced within days.

The system of checks and double checks at the Bureau is so thorough that large-scale pilferage is virtually impossible. In the past twenty-five years only one single unsolved theft has occurred in the entire bureau and that involved only a small amount of uncompleted currency (bills not stamped with serial numbers, etc., and easily spotted). Despite the huge sums of money that are handled by her department daily, Mrs. Russell's records are so complete that if a bank reports a shortage in a package of currency, she can report within a matter of minutes the name of every employee who touched that particular series of bills.

The woman whose responsibility it is to account for 45 million dollars in new currency daily, lives quietly in a modest apartment in the southwest section of Washington.

"All day long, while I am at the Bureau, currency is nothing more nor less to me than so many pieces of paper that must be strictly accounted for," she explains.

"But the moment we leave the office a dollar becomes a dollar to every one of us. Something that — especially along about the first of the month — we never seem to have enough of."

IS *Labor*

COMMITTING SUICIDE?

BY VICTOR RIESEL

THERE used to be a time when that little Jewish cigar maker, Sam Gompers, walked to work in his bedroom slippers because he couldn't afford a pair of shoes — although he was president of the American Federation of Labor. He used a crate for a desk and drew only a few dollars a week, just enough to keep alive.

He and the men around him built labor into proud, massed millions. They gave trade unionism a soul. Now that soul has been incorporated into big business by men who live like tycoons and talk like the oppressed of the world.

These are not the “protection” racketeers of the 'thirties. The stink bomb that emptied theaters, the acid vial that burned ragged holes in clothes racks, the hurtled rocks which smashed restaurant windows, are happily lost to this generation. But in their place is the smoother operator who seldom dirties his manicured hands.

It was inevitable that he would move in and take over. He had but to look at the multi-million-dollar

union treasuries — some of them running as high as 175 millions in cash, government bonds, banks, real estate, hotels and even mines. He had but to see salaries like the \$50,000 of John L. Lewis (plus some \$50,000 for expenses); the \$76,000 of James C. Petrillo, and the hundred-thousand-dollars of one or two others.

This was big business. The mobster was inevitable.

The mobs came. They saw and they conquered. Their operation became massive, all-pervading. They could have been stopped. But the easy money soon seduced scores of labor men. And whenever newspaper reporters or columnists cried out against the invasion, this cadre of union chiefs, through their own public relations men, shouted that the criticism was aimed at destroying labor — not saving it.

This became a crescendo, a hymn of hate against the investigators and the press which stood up against them. Only recently I debated the attorney for the “pistol local” on the New York waterfront. He's an

erudite, soft if over-spoken lawyer named Henry Lowenberg. This learned counsel, discussing crime on the waterfront with me on the Kate Smith Show, actually told the millions of viewers that further investigations were unnecessary — the waterfront was clean. Any new probes were just “political” efforts to “get in on the act.” That’s what the man said, although the State Crime Commission has reported that some 80 top criminals control waterfront labor.

ABOUT a month earlier, an old Capone syndicate ex-con named Max Caldwell, alias Max Pollack, said virtually the same thing. This fellow was arrested in Miami on charges of assaulting a Hialeah building superintendent, who himself was a member of the AFL Carpenters Brotherhood. Caldwell was trying to “unionize” some laborers employed by the superintendent, who still may lose his left eye because of that assault.

When Caldwell was booked by the police, he sounded like an aggrieved proletarian.

“The whole thing is a plot by certain contractors to put me and the union in a bad light so they can pay starvation wages.”

Yet Caldwell was the man who, some ten years ago, lost \$909,938 worth of dues paid under duress to a retail clerks outfit he ran in Chicago.

Max Caldwell’s story is so typical

that it’s worth telling in full detail. His saga is the profile of labor gangsterism.

This boy packs a wallop. He can lick any woman his size — and has. He began some time ago in Chicago when Al Capone was making his mark. Caldwell ran the AFL retail end of the Chicago crime syndicate “System” during the years when Willie Bioff was milking the movie industry of \$1,000,000 a year. Max had some difficulty at first. The women who had organized an honest little Retail Clerks Union just did not take kindly to the suggestion that they liquidate their own unit and “merge” with Caldwell’s AFL Retail Clerks International Protective Association, Local 1248.

But this Max is not one to let women stand in his way. A crusade is a crusade. He simply sent his men out to slug the ladies who had the temerity to demonstrate against his union. This stirred up such noise that even in that day of mob terror the Chicago Federation of Labor defied the daily one-way rides of the mobs and expelled Caldwell from its ranks. But no one could take his AFL charter from him. Investigators sent in from the Retail Clerks national headquarters in Lafayette, Indiana were escorted back to the train and told not to return. They didn’t.

SO DESPITE the odds — there were two or three women to every muscle-man, you know — Caldwell,

the dauntless, won out. Soon he had the Chicago retail field under his brass knuckles. Few of the workers ever got to see him — or the union's contracts and constitution, for that matter.

(This kind of thing still prevails in some areas. In New York it took fully two years for the truly tough and, I believe, honest Seafarers Union, AFL, to get a copy of the Central Trades and Labor Council constitution.)

One day an elderly woman, apparently under the misguided impression that she was entitled to something for her dues, went up to Caldwell's local headquarters. She had been ill. Where was the so-called sick-benefit payment due her? Now Max was not one to be frightened by a sickly old woman. He had her thrown down the stairs.

Finally, someone sued for an accounting of union funds. Max had collected \$910,000. And what do you know? All he could find in the kitty was \$62.

The Illinois state attorney charged that a gambling combine had helped Caldwell spend the dough. That charge came on August 21, 1941. The date is important. The State official said that Rocco De Stefano; Harry V. Russell, prominent hand-book operator; Pete Tremont and Pat Manno, policy operators; Milton Schwartz, and Maurice Margolis had helped Caldwell spend the \$910,000. These men all were friends and associates of Jake Guzik and the

Fischetti brothers, Chicago's syndicate "System" chiefs. The charge was also made that much of the money was spent on air travel and holidaying in Miami.

Yet so powerful was this combine that no indictments were returned. Caldwell simply migrated to Miami — and many working people there lived unhappily ever after. For soon Caldwell was in business again. Union business. He went in and out of unions like one of the Gold Coast dolls with some new bathing suits. At the moment he is a representative of the AFL Laborers Local Union 1040 — and it was in this line of duty that he was arrested on charges of assaulting the Hialeah superintendent.

BEFORE we end the saga of Caldwell, let me report how his saga almost ended the life of the man who tried to drive him from Miami labor. The fellow was George L. Mitchell, business agent of the AFL Carpenters Council in Dade County. Mitchell, a friend of the beaten superintendent, demanded that Caldwell be dropped from the Laborers Union. A few weeks later Mitchell stepped out of his car in his driveway — and someone let go with loads of buckshot.

The shots went wild. But the labor movement didn't. Why not? Why, after Caldwell's Chicago record, could he get a union job?

Why are hundreds like him tolerated? And there *are* hundreds

like him, far from the waterfront of New York, which has no monopoly on mobsters.

Since we're in the Miami locale, let's tarry there for another saga. Back in 1951, several Negro union officials were beaten. One of them, a Laundry Workers Union organizer by the name of Holton J. Newbold, proved stubborn, however. He simply had no enthusiasm for dying. Hoodlums took him out to the Everglades. They pumped five bullets into him. And to make certain, they hit him on the head with a rock. A big rock. But he survived. And he named two Detroit labor thugs, Dave Kay and Sol Isaac, as his assailants. They were organizers for the International Laundry Workers Union. They got twenty years for attempted second degree murder.

Now quite by coincidence, of course, their attorney turned out to be Ben Cohen, who represented the S. & G. Syndicate, the gambling combine in which boys like Frankie Costello had a piece. "S. & G." are initials which have no significance here. The boys just liked the sound of them. Erudite, you know.

WELL, these are just a few instances of this type of latter-day unionism. The country is full of \$125 business agents who are more powerful than their international union presidents. They drive \$4,000 cars, drape their wives in double-length mink coats (with

cape), collect jewels, run testimonial dinners to themselves, and collect heavily on the \$1,000-a-page (Best Wishes From a Friend) dinner "journal" advertisements.

They are silent partners in plants. They run unions like a family business, handing it over to brothers and sons. They extort, terrorize, and collect. In the words of the American Civil Liberties Union, hardly noted for any lack of sympathy for labor or left-wing causes:

"Many [union members] consider the union only a device to get them more money and less work and are unconcerned with how the union is governed so long as the leaders can show results at the bargaining table . . . Democracy dies from indifference and the union is taken over by strong-willed [and strong-armed — V.R.] men with a purpose."

Some labor men fear what's happening. A philosophical friend of mine by the name of Alex Bail, who recently cleaned up his own union, the Playthings, Jewelry and Novelty Workers (CIO), told his last convention:

"The increase in infiltration of characters who are interested in turning over a fast buck in the labor movement is part and parcel of the growing decline in morality which we are witnessing in all phases of our culture."

Since the only culture the torpedoes know comes in pearls for their dolls, it seems to me that the desire of certain labor leaders to hush

up crime inside labor comes with ill grace and worse judgment. The public is aghast at the multi-million-dollar corruption, the lush living, the violence which is being exposed. And it will all continue to be exposed.

It can't be kept down, just as the Communists inside labor couldn't stay hidden forever. Spotighting exposed the subversives and forced labor to purge itself. Spotighting the criminals from now on is inevitable. A new Justice Department, aided by civic anti-crime groups now fanning out across the nation, will keep the crime crowd under constant publicity.

THE AFL has the power to move. It says so right in its constitution, Article I, Section 13:

" . . . [the executive council] shall be authorized and empowered to take such further actions and render such further decisions during the interim of conventions as may become necessary to safeguard and promote the best interest of the Federation and of all its affiliated unions."

Well, the "best interests of the Federation" now demand the uprooting of the "System" from its ranks. This is an emergency. Neither the public nor the press will ever again be silenced by charges that criticism of mob control is "anti-labor." As the public pressure continues, the AFL will find itself faced in a hundred communities, as it did

on the New York waterfront, with the need to discipline crooked officials. It has that power, too. Again I quote, this time from Article VI, Section 6:

"Disciplinary action by the President of the AFL shall consist of 'emergency' and 'decisions,' the latter being subject to the appeal to the Executive Council hereinbefore provided. 'Emergency action' shall be taken when in the opinion of the President it is necessary to preserve the rights of the AFL, or any affiliate mentioned in this section, or any officers or members thereof, and for the purpose of preserving the status quo."

Most certainly "the rights of the AFL" are threatened. AFL president George Meany realized that in February when he went further than any other AFL president ever dared go. He told the Longshoremens Union officials they'd better clean house or they'd lose their charters, after almost 80 years. What Meany said to the International Longshoremens Association is significant; for he stated, in effect, that if they continued to keep the crooks, they would lose their AFL label. Then they would no longer have the right to say that any attacks on them were attacks on labor, or on the AFL.

Meany didn't threaten to shoot it out with the mobs in an organizing war. But he said in so many words that he'd take the AFL label off waterfront crime, at least.

HOWEVER, the problem is greater than the waterfront. Even now Meany does not know if he has the support of all the AFL high command. Without their backing, he can do little, for the AFL president actually has no union post of his own to fall back on if the other national chiefs ever decide to dump him. Certainly there will be pressure to stop any crime-busting move inside the AFL after the New York waterfront is cleared.

If Meany gets support he can beat the mobs and their crooked labor fronts. There is the example of George Barasch, secretary-treasurer of a teamsters union, Local 815, Drug, Chemical, Cosmetics and Affiliated Industries Employees Union in New York. Pressured by mobsters who hoped to soften him as they had others, this slim young leader fought back against their efforts to chisel and muscle into the multi-million-dollar drug and cosmetic industries as they had into the dress and trucking fields.

This union official didn't bother to sit with the goons. He merely sent word, bluntly warning them that if they persisted in making trouble he would "take a thousand members off their jobs, meet the mobs in the streets and literally wipe them out of the industry."

This direct challenge to the goons, reminiscent of the early days in the needle trades when hundreds of workers would simply line up before

a "protected," gangster-run shop, was also printed in the union's publication and distributed throughout New York City. The mobs never flexed a muscle.

Earlier, this union made labor history by setting up its own anti-crime committee and requiring all candidates for union office to swear in affidavits that they had no criminal past — no prison records or criminal ties. The union also wrote to Governor Thomas Dewey urging legislation requiring all labor leaders to file similar affidavits with the state government — just as they sign non-Communist oaths for the Federal government. Failure to file such documents or perjury in the filing would result, according to this plan, in the loss of any rights under our labor laws. The union urged too that such officials and their unions be enjoined from picketing.

THAT'S a mighty big plan from a small union. But it's worth heeding. For, if the day has come when national labor chiefs are too big for advice from the little fellows, that's the day of doom for labor. If the day has come when national union chiefs fear to force the hand of the mobs and the syndicate fronts inside labor, then the labor movement has committed suicide.

There will be little left to do but wait for the mobs to bury it.

Where are the crusaders of yesterday?



Nature's Paint Pot

BY REECE THOMAS



JUNE in New England is a glorious tangle of landscapes and seascapes, of mists and sunlight, of green valleys and wooded hills. Nature is at her most beguiling, arrayed in all the splendor of spring.

A fresh, almost transparent green shimmers over the countryside, reflecting the warm gold of the sun and burning with yellow enough to lighten the gray mists and the rains. Green bursts through dark pine needles and spruce and fir into gay, delicate puffs at the tips of the branches. The woods are lightly laced with green, and in among the somber tree trunks is an occasional flash of birches, dazzlingly white and graceful. Over the hills is the same cool coverlet of color. From the rocky tumbled fields and sandy wastes at the coast to the inland forests and pastures, there is a rhapsody in green.

Go down along the coast where land and sea flow together, and feel the salt wind as it snarls the hard-bitten vegetation dotted among the rocks and dunes; watch the earth, in imitation of the rises and swells of the ocean, fall away into rolling

country or thrust itself up into hills, which are called mountains but which are much too gentle to go by that name.

No coastal plain tapers earth into sea. There is land, then there is sea. On the Rhode Island shore, the sea will burst into view suddenly from the top of a rise. Grayish water fuses with the blue-traced white of the horizon to curtain off the mysterious miles of Atlantic out beyond the curve of the earth. Below, a cove hollowed out between the small, lazy hills sucks up a saucerful of blue brine and holds it bottled in by a low stone bridge. A sharp sea wind whips past and spits flecks of foam upon the harbor, where a score or so of yachts ride at anchor among the bobbing little craft like swans among ducks. The afternoon sun across the opposite hill catches the point of a church spire in a burst of brilliance. Beneath the clear, pale sky, white houses snuggle against the

green of the slope in a neat pattern from summit to water's edge. Here is contentment.

But walk the shore of Massachusetts on a gray afternoon. The wet, raw wind lashes the mist into needle-points and leaden waves crash against the beach with a sepulchral roar. Battered dinghies tug insistently at frayed lines. Sky and sea blend into an ominous gray wall a few hundred yards from shore. The air from the sea tastes of salt and is as icy as the water it has touched.

FOR the grandeur, majesty, and fawful beauty of the Atlantic, stroll the Marginal Way at Ogunquit, Maine, at sunset. Rocks and sky and water are churned up here into a breath-taking magnificence. Light and dark hang in balance and the beginning of one embellishes the end of the other. Out in the distance the water is mirror-calm, reflecting coruscant sapphires of light, while thin fingers of clouds twine pink and lavender fillets about the dark edges of the sea. Twisting through green marshes, and thickets of crisp new growth wet and shiny after the rain, the footpath breaks suddenly upon jagged brown cliffs. The rocks are of infinite color variations and shape, stained and polished by the ceaseless wash of water over them. Some stretch chain-like for several hundred yards off shore; others fall abruptly into creviced snares for the incoming tide. Look down into one of those ebullient caldrons and catch

the incessant rhythm of the sea: the old, old sea, older than memory, older than earth, turning and lashing over the rocks, roaring and sucking and spewing foam, tossing and boiling and beating, thrusting up so far, only so far, then frothing back over the dripping brown rocks to repeat the endless cycle. The deafening, pounding thunder fills the air like substance. Atop some of the cliffs is a matting of grass, scrubby growth, and tiny white flowers; and the wind which sweeps over them is cold and clear, with a tang of salt to burn the nostrils and quicken the pulse.

Like the sea, the land, wherever it is, has its distinct characteristics and its particular aura. Neat stone bridges in comely arches above the highway, clumps of slender white birches along the road bank, long stretches of soft meadows — these are Connecticut. Here the countryside mellows in the sun. Villages settle comfortably beneath knotted oaks and tapering elms, with thick green lawns reaching uninterrupted down to the road. Little hills cradle the tidy farmlands, whose acres of tobacco cloth foam and billow like an inland sea. These hills can be mistaken for no other; they belong exclusively to Connecticut, each smooth, rounded hump of them. They rock the earth ever so gently then ease off into peaceful rolling country. The sky dips evenly in and out among them so that they hunch like green gnomes silhouetted against the horizon.

RHODE ISLAND is a rock-strewn field. Smooth rocks in assorted shades of brown and gray and black, in assorted sizes, from small to medium to large, pepper the rises of earth; and the rambling stone fences walling the fields subtract not a whit from their number. Here and there sheep nibble at tufts of grass sprouting up among the stones, or a tree sucks nourishment from somewhere deep under the ground. The rocks lie dense over the earth's surface, as if some ancient race of giants had been called hurriedly from their games and had not returned to gather their playthings.

From Rhode Island to Cape Cod the complexion and the temper of the land change. A feral sea wind marauds the wastes, biting the growth back to the thin soil, twisting and snarling stubbornly-rooted cedars, flailing the grass across the marshes. This land belongs to the sea. Sand from the sea chokes the vegetation, and salt and mist from the sea hang in the air. In the scattered resort villages tight little cottages cluster defensively beneath trees which have grown old and tall despite the wind. But even with trappings of civilization, the Cape remains untamed.

Human beings really have very little to do with determining the character of the earth. Their presence alters but slightly the desolation and savagery of Cape Cod; their absence does not convert Maine's woods and lakes into a wilderness.

The Maine woods are august. No rank undergrowth tangles at the base of the trees to obscure the still, cool depths. Broad-leaved ferns bank the road in profusion and branches of the deciduous trees interlace the furry limbs of evergreens to form a canopy between earth and sky. All at once, through the trees or around a hill, is a gleam of water, pearl-gray or blue or black, and a wind-rippled lake is caught in a hollow. Mile after mile of untraveled road through quiet woodland, past lakes and spruce-tipped hills, imparts a deep sense of composure and of restraint.

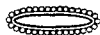
NEW HAMPSHIRE is tall hills with scarred rock faces and young spring growth. It is clouds pillowed above mountain slopes, strangely white in the distance. Although the thrusts and upward reaches of New Hampshire's woodlands are called by the name of mountains, the White Mountains are indeed no more than hills — great, clumsy, comforting hills. There is not among them the terror of earth dissolving into breathless space which is found in the austere Rockies, nor do they arouse the painful sense of awe which the Blue Ridge inspires. The road winds securely about their feet or rambles diffidently across their lower slopes, so that the traveler is protectively surrounded by the earth, old and amicable. In the distance they lean against the sky, their tree-covered heights curiously white even on a clear day. Scattered through them

are occasional lakes which lie undisturbed in the bend of the earth and lap quietly at the sparse, hardy growth along shore. Villages push up slowly at irregular intervals among the thickly woven trees or stretch out across a meadow stooping down to a rocky stream. Here and there a fence post grapples with a grassy knoll or a path breaks away from the road to meander through stony pastures up to a weather-tight farmhouse and its abutting barn. On the clean air from the hills comes the smell of woods and earth and water. The atmosphere is filled with tacit assurance, unhurried purposefulness, and satisfaction.

Over in Vermont the hills are called the Green Mountains — and rightly so, for they *are* green; vivid, glittering, fecund green. The trees are green on the distant hillside and the grass is green on the pasture slope where smooth, rounded rocks

burst through like fat mushrooms after rain. Spotted cows graze solemnly. Everywhere is a butter-cream richness of dairy country. Large areas are cleared for pasture, but in the wooded sections tree branches thickly overhang the road and sunlight splotches in upon the asphalt. A river flows calmly by the roadway and chatters over rocks and under bridges and sometimes swells its banks to grope with ominous certainty over the surrounding land. Vermont leans westward into the fertile Champlain Valley and reflects something of the lushness of that majestic lake country.

Rural New England in June is quiet orderliness, a patch of sunlight through the maples, the chill mist of morning over the hills, a band of evening purple behind the chimney tops. It is a thousand moods, a paint pot of color, all totaling beauty — and peace.



» You can descend a staircase a hundred and fifty feet down, and stand at the edge of the water. After you have done it you will wonder why you did it; but you will then be too late. — *Mark Twain*
(AT NIAGARA FALLS)

» If I had my life to live over again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have kept active through use.

The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature. — *Charles Darwin*

HIGH POLISH ON THE HIGH BRASS

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By
**GEORGE
FIELDING
ELIOT**

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THIS was in that grim autumn of 1939. War had come again to Europe. It might come to America too. I sat in an old-fashioned office in the State, War and Navy Building talking with the new Chief of Staff of the Army, General George C. Marshall.

"If we're drawn into this war," said Marshall in his sober way, "we mustn't be caught unprepared. The great thing is leadership — competent leadership at the very start, so that the lives of our young soldiers won't be thrown away while we sort out good generals from bad ones, as Lincoln had to do. Trouble is, the general officers of the line who are on the active list today are almost too old to stand up to the stress of modern war — and this may well be a long war. Last time we had Pershing — and we fought only a little over three months altogether. This time — well, I've spent some sleepless nights thinking about what I'd say if the day comes when the President sends for me and says: 'Marshall, to whose charge shall we commit the lives of a couple of million American kids on the battlefield?' So I've made a little list."

He reached into a desk drawer, took out a slip of paper, and looked at me keenly.

"You're not to publish this now, Eliot," he warned. I nodded, and he handed me the slip.

Most of the names on it I knew either slightly, or not at all. The world has heard a good many of those names since: Eisenhower, Bradley, Hodges, Patton, Clark, Simpson, Devers, Smith, Eichelberger, Patch, Truscott, Collins, and quite a few more.

"These are colonels and lieutenant colonels," said Marshall, "whom I've picked out for some special attention: what you might call a course of sprouts. I've picked them either on my own judgment of each individual, or on the recommendation of others in whose judgment I have confidence. I'm going to test these men. I'm going to give them the toughest jobs I can find, pile burdens on them until they sweat. Then I'm going to shift them suddenly to new positions of even greater responsibility. I'm going to allow them to think that I'm treating them arbitrarily, even harshly; asking more of them than should be

asked of mortal men. In that way, with the maneuvers to help in forming an opinion, I'm going to find out as well as is possible short of the test of actual war, whether these men are fit to command American soldiers in the field. Some will fall by the way-side." (Some did — *those* names I haven't mentioned.) "But," the Chief of Staff continued, "those who come through will be army and corps and division commanders if we have to fight. I want to know now who the good men are, so that the country won't have to pay in blood to find out later on."

THE RESULT of Marshall's course of sprouts is written in the history of the years 1942-1945 — in North Africa, Italy and Western Europe, in the Pacific Islands, Leyte, Luzon and Okinawa. The best-commanded army the United States has ever put into the field went on from one victory to another in unbroken succession. The victories were not bloodless. But there were no Bull Runs, no Chickamaugas, no Fredericksburgs. That was because there were no McDowell's, no Rosecranses, no Burnside's in command. The mothers of this nation owe a notable debt of gratitude to George C. Marshall.

How different was the situation in 1861, when Lincoln sent Secretary Seward to ask the aging Winfield Scott for advice as to commanders!

The old soldier's answer was grim: "There are few officers who have

commanded even a brigade in the field, Mr. Secretary. There is good material in the Army, but the South has taken most of those holding the higher grades — notably Robert Lee and the two Johnstons. We have captains and lieutenants who, with the time and experience, will develop and do good service." He might have added that time and experience are war-time's most expensive commodities.

The profession of arms has had an honorable place in our history ever since Washington first assumed command of the Continental army before the lines of Boston. But only in recent years has that honored profession been adequately developed and supported by the nation, though it has always been expected to perform miracles in the hour of sudden need.

"The rank of men," wrote Light Horse Harry Lee in the bitterness of poverty and exile, "as established by the concurrent judgment of the ages stands thus: heroes, legislators, orators and poets. . . . Generally, mankind admire most the hero; of all, the most useless, except when the safety of a nation demands his saving arm." Since our safety as a nation has been called in question only intermittently, we have had only intermittent employment for heroes, and our devotion to utilitarian concepts has tended toward a harsh judgment of the value of the military profession during the long intervals of peace when we comforted

ourselves with the thought that "it" could not happen again.

THE profession of arms is neither easily nor cheaply maintained in peacetime. It cannot be practiced, as can medicine or law or engineering. Yet the highest level of competence, as in all professions, comes from experience and the gradual assumption of ever-increasing responsibility. The education of a professional man who is worth his salt does not cease when he receives his diploma, whether from West Point or from Harvard Law School. Indeed it never ceases. The lawyer or the doctor or the engineer learns, however, in large part from *doing*. The army officer can "do" only partially: he learns from training, from the command of troops in garrison and on maneuvers, from the example and precepts of his seniors. In part, his progress must depend on constant renewal of the educational process. Navy and Air Force officers are somewhat more fortunate. The very existence and operation of ships and airplanes demand a certain degree of training and impose certain hazards which — while not equivalent to the hazards of combat — nevertheless in themselves demand the attainment of professional competence in ever increasing degree.

But in every branch of the armed services, there must be some means for the determination of superior ability, and these means must — in the nature of things — be to some

extent artificial. The engineer, the doctor, the lawyer who does bad work is quickly and mercilessly judged by results which are apparent to everybody. The military officer in peace-time must be judged within his profession, by its own self-established standards, which are influenced only slightly, if at all, by any intrusion of non-professional criticism. It is not enough that his men turn out smartly on parade, or that his ship's bright-work gleams like gold in the morning sun, or that the airplanes of his squadron should fly in perfect formation. The ability to command men, and to gain their confidence and even devotion, is of great importance; but so is acquaintance with the constantly evolving theory of his profession — and that he can gain, and renew from time to time, only by a well-considered process of education.

IF A SOUND PROCESS of selection for high command is to be established, these things are necessary:

1. A general staff or its equivalent, to establish and constantly renovate a body of military doctrine adapted to the needs of the nation and to the probable conditions under which the armed forces may be employed.

2. A system of higher military education designed progressively to prepare selected officers for the duties of higher command and staff appointments, at intervals of their careers proportionate to their ac-

cumulating experience and competence.

3. Regular armed forces sufficient in quantity and quality to provide for the practical exercise of leadership and the development of training and of weapons techniques.

During the greater part of our history we have had none of these three requisites. Consequently our choice of military leaders has depended in large part upon the element of luck. Our luck has not always been good, and we have paid for bad luck in the costliest of coin — the wasted blood of our youth.

In examining the lessons of the past, we tend to concentrate our attention on the commanders in chief: thus we think of command in the Civil War in terms of Lincoln's long search for a top general, culminating in the choice of Grant after many vicissitudes, as against Davis's fortunate selection of Lee at the outset. Yet it is likely that the failures of Union corps and division commanders, of which there were many, were in sum total quite as costly in blood as the errors of Pope and Burnside and Hooker; while if Davis did well in the elevation of Lee to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, his devotion to Bragg and his petty dislike of Joe Johnston were far from helpful to the Confederate arms in other theaters of war, and he did not appoint Lee to be his commander-in-chief until it was too late for that great soldier to rescue the lost cause.

The Union armies at the close of the war were armies commanded by a corps of officers who had proven their competence on the battlefield — at the price of blood. They were not only the armies of Grant and Sherman and Thomas, who held the chief commands; they were the armies also of Sheridan and Meade, of Howard and Slocum and Schofield; of corps commanders like Humphreys, Warren, Hancock, Gibbon, Ord, Terry, Wood, Wilson and A. J. Smith; of division commanders such as Miles, Griffin, Wheaton, Seymour, Willcox, Crook, Custer, Baird, Ruger and Garrard.

MANY, many incompetents and blunderers had fallen by the bloody four-year wayside as these officers and others like them worked their way up to their well-won stars. Yet how was Lincoln, or his Secretary of War, to choose more wisely at the beginning? He had no yardstick of military competence to help him. The military competence was there — as Scott said — but how could the wheat be winnowed from the chaff? With the tiny regular Army scattered in little one- and two-company posts, there was little means for judging the abilities of junior officers for high command. Albert Sidney Johnston remarked sadly on this point: "My officers know everything there is to know about commanding fifty dragoons in the field, and nothing whatever about anything else."

The Navy in the Civil War was better off — largely because the command of a steam frigate even in peace-time affords a far better yardstick for measuring military competence than does the command of fifty dragoons at some wretched outpost. A lot of ancient fossils had recently been eliminated from the Navy List, making way for the new Academy-educated officers; and finally — and not least — the Navy had an able Secretary in Gideon Welles and what amounted to a professional chief of staff in his Assistant Secretary, Gustavus V. Fox, who had been a naval officer for 18 years. These were notable advantages. The good men were known, were brought promptly to the front and stayed there: Farragut, Porter, Goldsborough, Dupont, Foote, and their colleagues. They in turn chose competent subordinate commanders. The results are written in our history under the names of Mobile, New Orleans, Fort Fisher, the opening of the Mississippi and above all the terrible iron blockade that strangled the Confederacy into submission.

There was material for some constructive thinking in all this. Some was done — but not applied. The tumult and the shouting died. The Army reverted to the fifty-dragon system. And thirty-three years after Appomattox, the Spanish War found us again fumbling for leaders of troops among the few aging officers still available who had commanded divisions or brigades in the Civil

War. They pulled us through — Shafter, Merritt, Otis, Miles — with the help of the Navy, which was by this time actually studying the theory of war, having established a War College in 1881. We moved into the West Indies and to the Philippines, and being fortunate in the coming of Theodore Roosevelt to the White House, began to look outward to wider horizons.

ELIHU ROOT — whose name should never be forgotten — became Secretary of War and insisted, against last-ditch opposition from the military conservatives, on the creation of a General Staff and an Army War College. The effect was tremendous, though of course slow to develop. Its full meaning was not perceived until 1917 — when for the first time in all our history we were able to commit to battle an army with a competent commander, a competent staff, and a group of competent corps and division generals as well, all in one package. This achievement — not perfect in all respects by any means, but far beyond any previous attainment — was the direct result of the wider outlook, the improved professional training and the opportunity to weigh and judge military competence in time of peace beyond the limits of “commanding fifty dragons” which the General Staff and the War College afforded. Wilson could choose more wisely than Lincoln because he had not only a larger reservoir of professional ability to

choose from, but because standards and measuring sticks had been created which enabled him and his advisers to make the right choice without paying for it in the lives of young soldiers. To this measuring process, of course, the campaigns in Cuba, China and the Philippines contributed to some extent. Yet it should be observed that Pershing himself had never commanded more than 10,000 men (in the Mexican imbroglio of 1916).

After World War I came the usual cut-back — but not all the way back, as after the Civil War. The Army was reduced, but at least we kept enough of it so that it could still have its measuring sticks and its opportunities. Promotion by seniority once more laid its heavy hand on the officers' list. But the educational system expanded: the Command and General Staff College at Leavenworth came into its own, as a preliminary step to the War College, and the schools of the various arms became more and more efficient. The senior commanders of World War I passed in steady procession to retirement. Their places were filled by those who had commanded regiments and battalions, or served as senior staff officers. World War II came upon us while many of this younger breed were still with us. Above all, there was time to do some winnowing and picking — two years and more from September 1939 to Pearl Harbor. It was time which George Marshall made good use of,

for his course of sprouts and its all but miraculous results.

THOSE RESULTS were even better than in World War I, if you survey the whole area of high command from the division on up the line, and if you consider that this army had to fight for $2\frac{1}{2}$ years of unremitting battle instead of $3\frac{1}{2}$ months. Not a single army or army group commander had to be relieved for failing to measure up to the highest standards of his profession, and very few general officers at subordinate levels suffered this fate. The commanders who began the war fought it through to victory. Most of them were the product of Marshall's testing program: the great exception was MacArthur, who came back from the retired list to win new laurels.

The Navy, facing its greatest responsibility, produced its usual capable job. Its educational system had grown, too: but as in the past, its great school was afloat. The fleet had remained "in being" between the two World Wars. The battleships, carriers, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, aircraft existed and operated and constantly were at their exercises. Nimitz and King, Halsey, Spruance, Turner, Hewitt, Kinkaid, Mitscher and the rest were the legitimate heirs of the frigate captains of 1812 — they had learned the art of command by commanding, they had learned to bear responsibility by bearing it in an exacting service where those who failed were weeded

out before they could endanger others. Fleet Admiral Leahy, himself too old for sea command, did not — like Scott in 1861 — have to hesitate and rack his brain when asked for his recommendations by the President. His choice was almost automatic. Indeed the Navy already had made that choice for him. The men who were fitted for the highest responsibilities were known, as they had been known in 1861 — to the Navy. The sea is a stern mistress.

This war, too, saw an astonishing development and expansion of the Marine Corps, which from being a mere auxiliary of the Navy or a small brother of the Army (as in 1917-18) came into its own as the teacher and leader of amphibious operations. Before the war ended, no less than five divisions of Marines were in active service: such a thing as a Marine division had never before fought in any of our wars. The ability of the Corps to produce officers capable of exercising such commands was fully established: though not, of course, without some growing pains.

BUT there was another new and vitally important factor which had hardly impinged upon the problems of high command in World War I — the air. In the earlier war, airplanes had been a useful means of reconnaissance and artillery observation. The independent employment of air power on true air power missions had scarcely been begun when the war ended. Ever since 1918, the

Army Air Forces had been struggling for recognition as a new “third service,” co-equal with the Army and Navy. Conservative military opinion had stoutly resisted this idea. The Navy (and the Marine Corps) had made their own air forces an integral part of their tactical and administrative structure. But the Army Air Forces, from which the great United States Air Force of today was to grow, was in embryo in 1939. There were spirit and enthusiasm to burn. There were no proven commanders of large air formations, and the study of air warfare rested largely upon theory plus the rudimentary experience of World War I. The first attempt at any kind of central air command was the creation of the General Headquarters Air Force under General Andrews in 1935. When war came in Europe and the might of the Luftwaffe was exhibited to a shocked world, the Army Air Forces had just 1300 officers and 18,000 men. On January 1, 1944, only five years later, the total was 2,385,000 officers and men. This mushroom growth of necessity involved the too-rapid promotion of many junior officers to the responsibilities of high command. Some cracked under the strain: the marvel is that so many came through to triumphant accomplishment.

Of course the Air Force had a great advantage, similar to the Navy's, in the very nature of its weapon. Men who lack stout hearts and steady nerves do not qualify as

pilots, and in climbing from the control of one plane to the successive commands of a flight, a squadron and a group, the burden of responsibility, the demands on judgment and clear thinking, grow heavier at each step, whether in peace or war. As in the Navy, the unfit are soon eliminated because they cannot be trusted with the lives of their air crews and some millions of dollars' worth of public property as well.

THUS there was some basis for the choice of the best commanders, even under the conditions of far-too-rapid expansion. A cruel loss was suffered at the very outset by the death of Frank Andrews; but Arnold, Spaatz, Doolittle, Eaker, Vandenberg, Kenney and their comrades carried on. The war itself was a great teacher: the system of schools which grew up under its necessities gave birth, when it ended, to the Air University with its War College and its Command and Staff School.

Air power had come of age and taken its rightful place on the military team. It brought with it, however, problems other than its own growing pains: and the chief of these problems was that of unified command. Joint operations between sea and land forces had previously been the exception rather than the rule, and when necessary the shore-line had provided an easily recognizable line of demarcation. But now the air factor must be taken into account in all surface operations by land or sea.

Moreover the increasing range of aircraft and the destructive qualities of atomic weapons give a new meaning to the concept of global war, enhanced by the development of the aircraft carrier.

The widening of our horizons, begun after 1898, had moreover by 1945 come to encompass the entire world. Peace and security could no longer be compartmentalized even on a hemispheric basis, much less a purely national one. The nation whose youth had been taught to regard alliances as dangerous and "entangling" now became, of necessity, the leader of the greatest military alliance of history.

Our military leadership had to keep pace with these momentous changes of policy and of objective. We had to develop the capacity for joint commands, and beyond that the capacity for useful participation in allied commands. Upon the educational system of the three services, therefore, had to be superimposed (a) the Armed Forces Staff College, for the study of joint operations, and (b) the National War College for training selected officers "for joint staff and command duties on the highest level in behalf of the national security." Both these institutions are attended by officers of all three of the armed forces, and the National War College also has a certain number of students from the State Department and other Executive Departments of the Government. These two institutions, begun

during the late war and vastly broadened in scope since 1945, are pouring annually into the armed forces a flow of senior officers competent to deal with the problems of global and total war on the higher levels of responsibility. To this factor must be added (1) the experiences of two World Wars, (2) the broadening effect of service in military missions scattered throughout the world, (3) the rotation of officers in occupation forces in Germany, Austria, Trieste, and Japan, (4) the participation of large elements of our armed forces, under the provisions of the North Atlantic Treaty, in European defense activities, (5) experience gained through the establishment of joint commands in Alaska, the Pacific, and the Caribbean, and finally (6) the Korean war.

THERE is little comparison in breadth of outlook, understanding of the tactics of arms other than his own, and readiness to assume a higher level of responsibility, between the American officer of today and his counterpart of the "fifty-dragoon era" of 1861, even in the most junior grades.

And what of the future? If we had to fight tomorrow, at least the choice of the senior commanders would not rest on the fading memory of an aged general, nor on chance, nor even on a pencilled list of hopeful candidates in the desk of a Chief of Staff. As with the Navy long ago, the good men are now known by all

the services. Moreover, most of them are proven already by the test of battle.

Of the army and army groups commanders of World War II, only Bradley and Clark remain on the active list. The corps commanders are passing now into retirement: Van Fleet and Eddy are laying down the commands in Korea and Germany respectively, Joe Collins winds up a distinguished tour as Chief of Staff of the Army this year, Ridgway is still going strong at SHAPE, but most of the others have passed along. It is the division commanders of World War II who are now coming to the front — Taylor, Bolte, Dahlquist, McAuliffe and many other seasoned, experienced officers with several years yet to serve before retirement catches up with them; to whom may be added those who have gained yet more recent battle honors in Korea. Behind them again are the host of brigadiers and colonels who commanded regiments or held high positions in World War II and in Korea as well. This is a really huge reservoir of experience. The leavening and capacity-measuring value of the National War College, and promotion by merit instead of by seniority, have also had the most beneficial effects on the competence of our Army seniors for the highest levels of command in war, as well as providing yardsticks by which wise selections may be made — indeed, anticipated and planned for.

The Navy and the Air Force have both, of course, participated in the advantages of world-wide service, of Korean experience, and of the joint educational system. The Navy continues to maintain the fleet in being — in the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Mediterranean and the Far East. Here as always lies its final measuring device, its ultimate school of admirals.

As with the Army, the great names of World War II have disappeared from the active list. The present Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Fechteler, commanded an amphibious task force in the Pacific; the commanders-in-chief (Carney, McCormich, Radford) held like commands or senior staff positions of commensurate responsibility. The rising generation of vice- and rear-admirals for the most part had similar war experience, or toward the bottom of the list had the command of large ships or of squadrons of smaller ones. The well-proven, self-testing process of selection for command at sea continues, and though it is not without its imperfections it must be judged by its results. It is a system which has not changed in its essential nature in the life of the Republic, though it has changed vastly in detail. It gave us Perry and MacDonough in 1812, and they saved us from defeat. It gave us Farragut and Porter in the 1860's. It gave us Nimitz and King in the last war. It

has never failed us in time of need. It is based on the simple fact that the perils of the sea (or, now, the air over the sea) at any time are such as to require in commanding officers much the same qualities as are required for command in war.

The Air Force is getting over its growing pains. It too has its reservoir of war experience now, with Korean additions plus the Berlin air-lift. It has not suffered the loss of quite such a proportion of its war-time commanders as the Navy and Army; because of its swift expansion the average age of its senior officers was lower. The present Chief of Staff, General Vandenberg, commanded an Air Force in Europe; so did his deputy, General Twining; most of the top commands are held by officers who commanded large formations (air forces or air commands) in World War II. (LeMay, Chidlaw, Cannon, Weyland, Kepner, Partridge.) The average age is still pretty young compared with the other two services. General Norstad, commander of the NATO air forces in Europe at 48 is an outstanding example. But the average length of experience in high command is rising rapidly. The concentration of the Air Force on gaining its present independent and co-equal status in our national military establishment has in the past produced a tendency to cocksureness and combativeness in council which the passing years and the joint colleges and commands are gradually eliminating.

NO IMPARTIAL observer could deny that the Air Force presents today a more serious high-command problem than do the two older services. But neither could such an observer question for a moment that to have accomplished as much as has in fact been accomplished in 18 years (from the first establishment of the General Headquarters Air Force, is little short of a miracle. Nor can it be doubted that the static resistance of the older services to allowing the Air Force its proper independent status after World War I is largely responsible for such remaining evidences of immaturity as may be noted here and there.

The chief command problem of today is not, as it was with Lincoln, the choice of competent commanders. By land, sea and air, we have them in plenty for the highest and for the principal subordinate commands. The good men are known in all three services: we need have little fear that the blood of our youth will again be wasted by incompetent star-wearers. But at the highest level, we have not yet found the best means of adjusting the concepts of global and total war and the responsibilities of leadership in a great alliance to our constitutional

requirement for the control of the military by the civil power. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have not been brought into a smooth-running relationship to the civilian authorities of the Department of Defense. Nor have inter-service rivalries for limited appropriations been wholly eliminated as a factor in JCS decisions. The answer is not, in this writer's judgment, the easy and quick one of appointing a super-chief-of-staff. It is an answer which must be sought patiently and prayerfully, perhaps for many years and through many vicissitudes. The same may be said of our inter-allied military relationships. But that they work at all is something. History warns that there is no trickier task for statesman or for soldier than keeping together a military alliance of sovereign states: in peace or in war.

But that is "another story."

We may at least take pride in the fact that our generation has seen the rise of the American profession of arms to meet its new and vast responsibilities and to assume its new and rightful status in the life and fabric of the nation. If we have to fight again, we have the leaders who can handle the job.



» In a calm sea, every man is a pilot.

— *Anonymous*

» Thought is only a flash between two long nights; but this flash is everything. — *Henri Poincare*

Public Enemy

NUMBER ONE

By REV. CHRISTOPHER P. SPARLING, D.D.

*From a sermon by Dr. Sparling
in the Church of Bethesda-by-
the-Sea, Palm Beach, Florida*

PUBLIC Enemy Number One is worry. If we could get rid of worry we could prevent much insanity; we could close many a sanatorium, make homes happier, work more successful, and increase our appreciation of life.

Medical science is finally discovering today what Our Blessed Lord Jesus proclaimed ages ago: that inner peace has profound effect upon the physical well-being of man. One of the medical journals has declared: "There is not a tissue in the human body wholly removed from the influence of the spirit."

"Don't worry; it may not happen" is an admonition never to be forgotten. It is supported by Holy Scripture where, in the Gospel according to St. Matthew (*vi.*, 34), Our Blessed Lord Jesus said: "Be not anxious for the morrow." This does not refer to a parent's natural anxiety over a sick child. It does not

mean that we should be careless, indifferent, or indolent. To use a more exact translation of the original Gospel, it means "Be not *over-anxious*."

There is no intelligence in worry. There is no sense in it. Consider those people who worry about what happened yesterday and then add to this their worries over today and tomorrow. No back was ever intended to carry such a burden. Try never to bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Remind yourself that today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.

Worry never helped anyone. People worry about the weather, their health, their houses, their personal popularity — and what good does it do? What is the use of making one's self miserable, and making others so at the same time? (It is worth noting, as regards popularity, that people who worry about it too much are apt to become *unpopular*.)

Worry is a sign of littleness. It has driven more men to drink and to the madhouse, and it has broken more homes, than almost anything else!

Worry is a sign of weakness of character. There is no strength in

worry. The greatest people never worry, though they have many cares.

Abolishing worry is a matter of self-control, as much as any other habit such as drugs or drink. There is not time in a short sermon to more than mention some of the things the worrier must learn to control—his anxieties, fears, fatigue, wakefulness, perhaps his marital unhappiness. But it is possible to recommend a small book that deals with these problems. It is called, *In the Name of Common Sense*, and the author is Dr. M. N. Chappell. In this book he writes: "Anyone who has enough intelligence to become a worrier has all the mental equipment to correct the habit, and it will take less time than his worrying now consumes."

Again, Dr. Chappell says: "Worriers can shift from unpleasant to pleasant thoughts, and so break the habit of worrying . . . Don't talk about your indigestion, thyroid, gall bladder, or operation. Families, friends, and acquaintances should not remind you about your troubles, shortcomings, or ailments."

ONE of two things must be true about any single worry: either you can help it, or you can not help it. If you *can* change the thing you are worrying about, then get to work and rectify it, and then you will not have to worry about it. If you can *not* remedy the thing you are worrying about, then what

is the use of worrying about it?

There are two classes of people who do not worry: those who haven't sense enough to know anything is wrong; and those *intelligent* enough to know that everything will come out all right. Half of our miseries come to us through our fancying things ourselves. Half the things expected never happen at all. So, "Don't worry; it may not happen."

But this is not a lecture on psychology. There is a more serious side to worry.

Worry is a sin, because it wastes life. And there can be no distinction in waste of life, whether the sin responsible is the drink habit, the drug habit, dissipation, or worry.

Worry is a form of unbelief. It denies the Providence of God. And so, we must be strong and of good faith. Trust in God, and in your own will power.

Prayer is acknowledgment of faith. Worry is denial of faith.

Prayer is putting my hand in God's hand, trusting to His loving guidance. Worry is withdrawing my hand from His, and denying His power to lead me.

No one who really practices the Religion of Our Blessed Lord Jesus is given to worry. Every day has its cares from below, but also its help from above. Dust can rise just so high above the road. Birds flying above that line have no dust on their wings. So it can be with our hearts, regarding the cares of this world.

NEW YORK'S

Great **RED** *Way*

BY VINCENT HARTNETT

AS THE purge of Communists and notable Communist-fronters continues in Hollywood and in TV, Broadway is fast emerging as the last stronghold of show-business Marxists and their supporters. The westward trend which began in the thirties is reversing, as comrades and collaborators who sought gold and "progressivism" in Hollywood hills now beat it back to Broadway, reaching a capitalist refuge on what might with poetic license be called New York's Great Red Way.

Out of some thirty legitimate shows playing Broadway as this is written, about half reveal an unhealthy incidence of identified Communist Party members or "friends." Much the same was true of shows which opened earlier in the 1952-1953 season but folded.

Hollywood director Michael Gordon, named by three sworn witnesses as a Communist, returned East to direct the new musical play, "Maggie," but "withdrew" from the show before it reached New York. Shortly thereafter, he was throwing the cues for the revival of "The Male Animal," a comedy on "aca-

demic freedom" co-authored by Communist-fronter James Thurber.

Another revival now ringing the cash register is "Pal Joey," which features gravel-voiced Hollywood refugee Lionel Stander, named several times in sworn testimony as a Communist.

Still another revival of sorts is "Wonderful Town," a re-hash of "My Sister Eileen" co-authored by named Communist Jerome Chodorov, who has also done his stint in Hollywood. Leonard Bernstein (of twenty or more Communist fronts and causes) composed the music for this Greenwich Village Cinderella story, and Communist-fronters Betty Comden and Adolph Green supplied the lyrics.

EVEN the comrades know it takes a capitalist coin to get and keep a show on Broadway. Reportedly, \$17,500 for "Wonderful Town" was put up by Simon Rady, Decca Records executive, with Decca to get the rights to the original-cast album. Rady was named under oath years ago as a Communist. With characteristic left-wing teamwork,

The National Guardian (weekly bugle of the CP-controlled Progressive Party) announced a theater party for "Wonderful Town," impelling even those not always bright at spotting plays around left end to wonder how a nice girl like Rosalind Russell could get sucked into this set-up. (The producer of the show subsequently cancelled that particular performance.)

"Wish You Were Here" (a re-make of "Having Wonderful Time") is still proving a capitalist bonanza for its author, veteran fronter Arthur Kober, and its musical composer, Harold Rome. Rome has been a familiar figure on the "popular front" in Hollywood and New York. Some of his capitalist clients might have heart attacks if they saw "The People's Song Book," which he helped edit and arrange. His "The Investigator's Song," satirizing the House Committee on Un-American Activities, proved a hit in party circles. He also wrote a United Nations song. Next season he's slated to do the music and lyrics for a montage of three Marcel Pagnol plays to be presented by Josh Logan, co-producer and co-author of "Wish You Were Here."

Another Broadway offering still clicking at the box office is "Guys and Dolls," co-authored by former Hollywood song satirist and radio writer Abe Burrows. In its 1952 annual report, the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HCUA) said Burrows was "identified as

Communist by Owen Vinson," and added that Burrows "appeared November 12, 1952; testimony was vague as to Communist Party membership and is still under investigation." "Guys and Dolls" was staged by George S. Kaufman, veteran Communist-fronter who was supported by the *Daily Worker* when he was dropped by Lucky Strike from its TV program, "This is Show Business." Burrows, also a TV panelist, previously directed two Broadway shows, "Jamie" and "Two On The Aisle," being associated in the latter with Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and scenic designer Howard Bay, one of the biggest guns on the "popular front." Burrows' next on Broadway is to be "Can-Can," which he wrote with Cole Porter.

WITH more than 1600 performances, "South Pacific" is the dean of Broadway dramas. In the role of Navy captain George Brackett since opening night has been Martin Wolfson, of the old-guard "Bolsheviks of Broadway" and sometime staffer at Moscow's Vachtangov Theatre. Two decades ago, Wolfson played in another naval drama, the Communist-front Theater Union's "Sailors of Cattaro," a glorification of a fleet mutiny. Dedicated to making the theater "a weapon in the class struggle," some of the Theater Union crowd were "militants" off-stage as well as on. One day Wolfson, Bob Reed (CP organizer of Broadway), Charles

Thompson, and other "Cattaro" actors set sail on 14th Street to picket Ohrbach's clothing store, only to be arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct.

There's no argument about the artistic excellence of "South Pacific," directed by Josh Logan, with lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, great librettist responsible for such hits as "The King and I," "Oklahoma," "Showboat" (in which Paul Robeson sang his way to fame), "Carousel," and "Music In The Air." Though Hammerstein in years not too long past had his name linked with twelve or more Communist fronts and causes, his more recent political activities have been in the cause of world federalism.

Another Hollywood refugee identified as a Communist before the HCUA and now toiling on Broadway is Jules Dassin, who directed the sketches in "Two's Company." Scenery and lighting for this musical revue were by Ralph Alswang (eight or more CP fronts and causes). Dances and musical numbers were staged by Jerome Robbins, who admittedly played "footsie" with the party. Nora Kaye, the principal dancer in "Two's Company," has toed the line in such pro-Soviet shows as the Waldorf Peace Conference, the World Federation of Democratic Youth, the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, etc.

Also in "Two's Company" was Stanley Prager, who arrived in

Manhattan from the western front so unostentatiously that he even kept one of his New York addresses (a doctor's apartment on 14th Street) confidential. Bette Davis, the star of "Two's Company," has had her name linked with a few fronts. Ill health hit her, prompting the closing of "Two's Company." This was tough for a lot of people, including sketch-writer Nat Hiken, whose name has graced sundry pieces of front literature. Hiken will now have to struggle for existence on the lousy five hundred or so a week he gets from NBC-TV's Saturday night "All Star Revue."

ANOTHER toiler named as a Communist before the HCUA, Shepard Traube, is director and co-producer of "Time Out For Ginger." Traube got tongue-tied before the House Committee, and neither affirmed nor denied party membership.

Not so silent is Philip Loeb, who's featured in "Ginger" on Broadway (he replaced another actor, *not* a fronter, who had the part in the summer try-out). Until a year and a half ago "Jake" on "The Goldbergs," Loeb for years was one of the loudest noises on the "popular front." A year ago, he appeared before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, admitted past affiliation with a score of Communist-front organizations, but denied party membership, and swore he thought Communists were a "menace" to

our country. This, however, did not prevent him from running with a number of the "menaces" on a left-wing ticket in a TV actors' election some months later, nor from speaking (with several "menaces") at a fund-raising rally for the ticket.

The star of "Time Out For Ginger" is Melvyn Douglas, active in the popular-front movement some years ago, who in 1947 joined with 86 other "American liberals" to sign a statement which included an attack on Communism.

What puzzles some who *never* stooged for Communism is the way some allegedly "reformed" characters still team up with dubious elements. If parolees did this, they'd have their paroles revoked.

A year ago, actor-writer-director-producer Elia Kazanjoglous, better known as "Gadget" Kazan, did a repeat performance before the HCUA, again admitted CP-membership in 1934-1936 and front-links as late as 1948, but under oath professed extreme anti-Communism. Elia Kazan even subscribed his name to a two-column ad in the New York Times, to assure the ticket-buying public of his "abiding hatred of Communist philosophy and methods and the conviction that these must be resisted always." Anti-Communists gave thanks for the prodigal's return, and Communists denounced the name "Kazan" as one "that would soil even lips used to blasphemy."

The winter of discontent passed

and the sun of New York shone in March 1953 on Kazan's new Broadway production, "Camino Real." The show's author? Tennessee Williams, who's had an on-again, off-again flirtation with the Communist-front movement for years. One of the producers? Cheryl Crawford, Algonquin oddity whose mannish bob has for years given the lie to any diversionist charges of "male supremacy" on the "popular front."

AND who was announced as Kazan's assistant director? Anna Sokolow, probably the party's favorite dancer. His scenic designer? Lemuel Ayers, erstwhile producer-partner of Saint Subber and sometime signer of a statement honoring Georgi Dimitrov, former head of the Communist International. "Camino Real" cast members include fronters Eli Wallach, Joseph Anthony, and Frank Silvera, who has had the dubious distinction of being singled out for praise in the annual report of the cultural commissar of the Communist Party.

Maybe they all "reformed." The poor, dumb patriots who never supported Communist fronts and never got hired by Kazan hope so.

For years, one of the biggest guns on the Communist "popular front" has been Kermit Bloomgarden, producer of Lillian Hellman and Arthur Miller plays. Among Bloomgarden's newest blossoms are Hellman's "Children's Hour" (a revival) and Miller's "The Crucible." He is

shortly to offer, as this is written, "A Certain Joy," to be directed by Red-fronter Daniel Mann, another displaced person from Hollywood and Vine. Sets and lighting are to be by Howard Bay, who in addition to fighting on the "popular front," bosses the New York scenic designers' union.

"A Certain Joy" will offer for public support several fronters, led by the redoubtable Maria Margherita Teresa Guadalupe Castilla Bolado, more briefly known as Margo. Until her marriage to Eddie Albert (not a fronter) in December 1945, Margo was the Mexican pepper of the front movement. She was formerly married to actor Francis Lederer, named in sworn testimony in 1940 as a Communist. She has been relatively quiet these past seven years.

The busy Mr. Bloomgarden may offer in the 1953-1954 season "Wedding Breakfast," staged by veteran fronter Harold Clurman, who's currently directing fronter Arthur Laurents' "The Time of the Cuc-koo," unquestionably an apt title for a Broadway play.

Though many Broadway mar-quees glitter with the names of party members and fronters, there's not enough "social content" in current plays to satisfy the *Daily Worker* crowd and certain "liberal" critics. "The shadow of McCarthy falls across the stage," screamed the *Worker* early in the year, urging that "what is needed now to save our

theater from utter decay are *new plays* by American playwrights, plays that delve deep into the great social problems of the day" (CP semantics for party-line and "agitational propaganda" plays).

THE *Worker* excepted from its general criticism "Mr. Pickwick," but regretfully noted that this "comedy of stature" had a brief run. From a cross-eyed, Commy point of view, "Mr. Pickwick" was the "kind of play, although it deals with the legal skulduggery of the last century, to stimulate reflection on the current wave of political witch hunts and trials for political heresy." "Historic parallelism" is what the CP propagandists call this drawing of party-line inferences (warranted or unwarranted) from a past historical event or a literary work *in itself* completely non-Communist. It's a propaganda dodge increasingly used by CP "agit-prop" experts. It's effective, and it's safe. If anyone hollers, the comrades can simply accuse him of having a nasty mind.

"Mr. Pickwick," a free dramatization of scenes from Dickens' classic and, of course, non-Communist "Pickwick Papers," was presented by The Playwrights Company, whose leading spirit of late has been Roger L. Stevens, who has no front record. Once a \$12-a-week grease-monkey in Detroit, Stevens is now the third man in a syndicate which owns such tidy parcels as the

Empire State Building and the Hotel Taft in New York, the Williamson Building in Cleveland, the Neil House in Columbus, the new \$10,000,000 Evergreen Park shopping center in Chicago, and the 28-acre Boston and Albany Railroad yards in Boston's Back Bay. In the 1952 Presidential campaign, Stevens was national finance chairman of Volunteers for (Adlai) Stevenson.

Early in 1950, Stevens went into partnership with Peter Lawrence to produce a revival of Barrie's "Peter Pan." Lawrence in the past several years has been one of the most conspicuous theater figures in New York Commy fronts, and currently heads the Theatre Division of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, top Commy cultural front. The most charitable estimate of Roger L. Stevens is that he is a millionaire "liberal" who is not overly fussy about his associates.

Praised mildly by the *Worker* were fronter Moss Hart's "The Climate of Eden," fronter James Thurber's "The Male Animal," Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour," and (with strictures) "Seagulls Over Sorrento," which featured John Randolph, one of the most disarming collection-speech makers ever to work on the "popular front."

THE *Worker* crowd also liked "The Emperor's Clothes," an "anti-fascist" play which died despite frantic efforts by the left to keep it

alive. Written by fronter George Tabori and presented by Robert Whitehead and The Playwrights Company, this one was directed by Harold Clurman and starred Maureen Stapleton and Lee J. Cobb, both highly regarded in left-wing circles.

"The Children's Hour" was presented by Kermit Bloomgarden and written by Lillian Hellman, who refused to affirm or deny party membership when under oath before the HCUA. Howard Bay designed the settings, and the press agent was Richard Maney, one of Broadway's busiest bugle-boys, Communist-fronter of sorts, and the guiding spirit behind *Tallulah* (Harper's, 1952). Maney is one of the charmed circle of press agents who have seemed to have easy access to the columns of the N.Y. *Times* and other respectable newspapers. Another such is Cheryl Crawford's general press agent, Wolfe Kaufman, sometime guest lecturer at the (Communist) Abraham Lincoln School in Chicago.

The play on Broadway which now most delights the *Daily Worker* set is Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." Like other Miller denunciations of Americana which have brought the proletarian author several hundred thousand good American dollars, this latest deft Millerism is presented by Kermit Bloomgarden, with publicity by James Proctor (who also helped with the "Waldorf Peace Conference"). Starred is Ar-

thur Kennedy, who alleges that he backed the Waldorf Peace Conference only to help ease the tension between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. And there are other frontiers.

TO HONEST eyes no more than a study of the Salem witch trials of 1692, "The Crucible" has been attacked by nasty, suspicious people as a devious slander on our courts. According to the *Worker*, the play "reflects the deep concern of many Americans over the growth of thought control and intolerance in our land" (that is, in plain English, the concern of Communists and frontiers over the growth of measures to curb the Soviet fifth column in this country). "A courageous play against McCarthyism," according to the *Worker*, this Millerism "compels audiences to see the awful parallel course of the 1953 witch-hunts against Communists, progressives and liberals."

The *Worker* notwithstanding, probably few "honest persons" will note any "resemblance between the intolerable atmosphere that pervaded the Salem courtroom of Deputy Governor Danforth and Judge Hawthorne, and the fantastic lying and lack of justice in the Foley Square courtroom of Judges Medina, Kaufman and Dimock" (*sic*). But the poor, dumb public no doubt will do its utmost to give fame and fortune to the perpetrators of "The Crucible."

Is it any wonder that the great majority of people on New York's Great White Way, who were *never* Communists or frontiers, are sometimes tempted to give up the fight?

"When will the producers and directors start giving an even break to *Americans*?" they ask.

"When will the theater-going public get wise to the con game being operated on New York's Great Red Way?"



» If a poet would work politically, he must give himself up to a party; and so soon as he does that, he is lost as a poet — he must bid farewell to his free spirit, his unbiased view, and draw over his ears the cap of bigotry and blind hatred. — *Goethe*

(POETRY AND TRUTH)

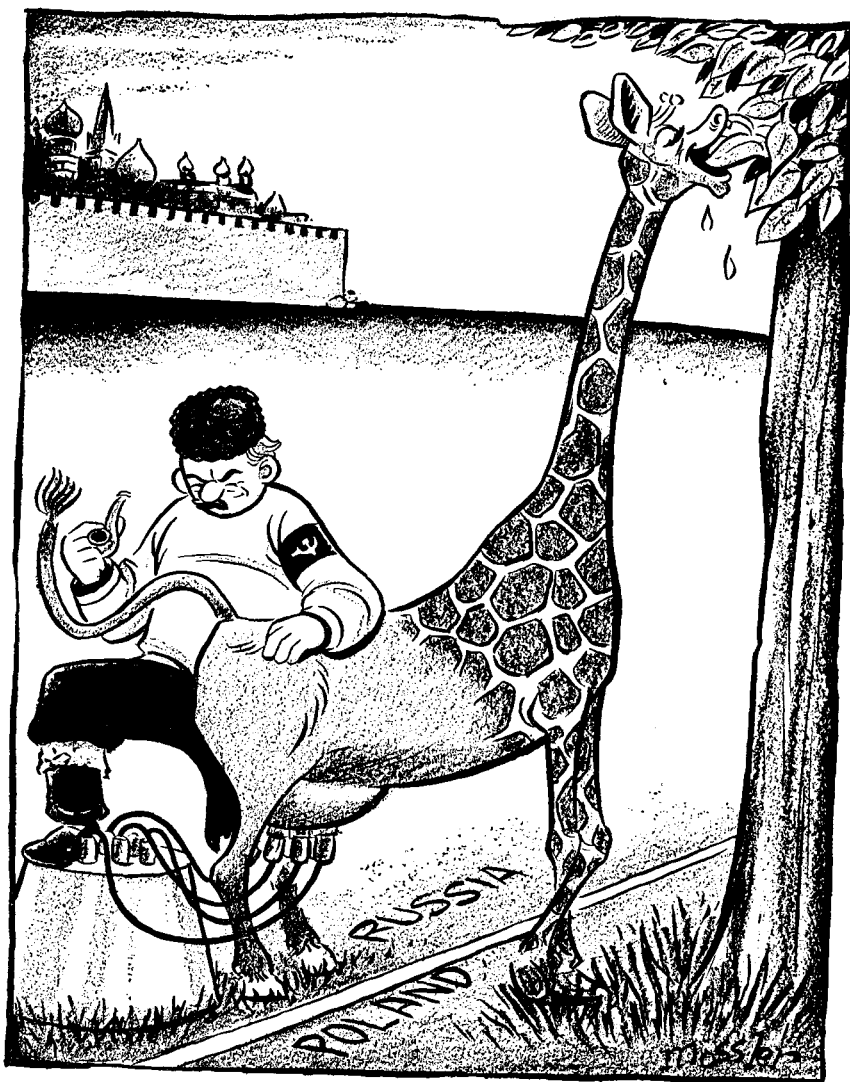
» There is, and always has been, one tremendous ruler of the human race — and that ruler is that combination of the opinions of all, the leveling up of universal sense which is called public sentiment. That is the ever-present regulator and police of humanity.

— *Thomas B. Reed*

Do You Know That—

- ▶ Pacifism, neutralism, and militarism are all crimes behind the Iron Curtain.
- ▶ Since 1904, when it was acquired by the United States, the Panama Canal has shown 75 million dollars in net earnings.
- ▶ American pilots at a northern Japan base have verified reports that the Russians are using a false radio beam to lure American planes off course in that area.
- ▶ Phi Beta Kappa, the most famous college fraternity, is also the oldest and largest in the United States. Founded in 1776, it has 115,000 members.
- ▶ Hong Kong sold Red China 305 million dollars' worth of goods last year.
- ▶ The Marx-Lenin Institute of subversion and sabotage, in Moscow, graduates an estimated thirty American Communists each year. Among its alumni are top officials of the "legal" party, convicted under the Smith Act.
- ▶ The *Mount Vernon* carried the first troops to travel on an American transport in World War II.
- ▶ Refugee reception officials in West Berlin estimate that 22,000 people fled the Soviet zone in January alone. The Communists admit that 39,000 escaped in the first half of 1952.
- ▶ One in every three youths examined for the draft is rejected. Commonest physical cause: heart and circulatory ailments.
- ▶ Ninety-six foreign merchant ships, on which the United States holds twenty-five million dollars' worth of mortgages, have been carrying materials to Iron Curtain countries for use against American and United Nations troops in Korea.
- ▶ There are five surviving Civil War veterans, ranging in age from 105 to 110 years. Four of them were in the Confederate forces.
- ▶ Authorities estimate that more than half the production of sleeping pills is used illegally, causing at least 1,000 deaths yearly.
- ▶ The Oak Ridge laboratories have produced the first atomic furnace capable of turning out useful amounts of electric power for industrial operation.

NORA DE TOLEDANO



Newest of the great Soviet inventions is the Cowgiraffe, which feeds in Poland, Rumania, or any other satellite state — but is always milked in Moscow.

The FALL of Ana Pauker



By KURT SINGER

ANA PAUKER, once the Red Queen of Rumania, sat on her hard bench in the old, worm-eaten State Prison in Bucharest. She munched with distaste the extra meat ration that had been given all prisoners to commemorate the succession of the new Red Dictator, Georgi Malenkov. In the isolation of those bleak prison walls, this paunchy, once powerful and brutal Red Mistress of Rumania must have asked herself many questions as she tried to understand the tragedy that had overtaken her.

The Bucharest State Prison has been called a "blood-dungeon," for decades. Here the victims of "white fascism" had suffered; here the victims of the Hohenzollern Prince Carol and his mistress Madame Lupescu had cried out in pain. The Nazis had martyred many Rumanians behind these same walls. Anti-Nazis, Communists, Jews, and Christians had all felt the terror of coming death in this black prison.

The enemies of Ana Pauker's own Soviet rule were thrown into this dark building, often by the command of Ana herself. Now she was the prisoner.

Though Ana Pauker had given

thirty years of her life to the world Communist movement, now it was her turn to be purged.

Thirty years in the life of this woman revolutionary included six years in this same brutal Bucharest prison where now she waits her doom. It included a decade of underground work for Communism and battles with the Bucharest police. Twenty years ago she was shot in the leg. She still carries the bullet in her flesh.

There were also many men in her life, for she believed a revolutionary cannot do without a full life. A true revolutionary must not be a bourgeois sticking to only one mate. Yet Ana Pauker had a legal husband once.

In her prison cell she must have thought of him, Marcel Pauker. He was a party worker still in Moscow in 1941, but he was dead by 1945. He was liquidated as a cosmopolitan, counter-revolutionary, Trotskyite, and spy for the Western Capitalists.

Thousands of party members knew it was *she* who had testified against her own husband's "deviationism," though she always denied this. But she had never pleaded mercy for him, never tried to help him, never went

on record in his behalf. It was by this silence that she tried to prove her loyalty to Stalin and the Cominform.

She proved it to the extent that just a few years ago, she had her own private telephone line to the Kremlin, direct to Josef Stalin. But he was dead now. The dictator of Czechoslovakia, Klement Gottwald, was dead; and she had been imprisoned. She knew nothing of the charges against her or if she would have a trial. But she did know that more and more Jews who once were Communists fill the Bucharest prison as a result of the new anti-Semitic terror wave launched against them as the last group of citizens in the Communist world having contacts with the Western community.

DOESN'T Ana Pauker, too, have parents in Israel? Didn't the Communists break relations with Israel, the "American satellite" state? All this must be on the mind of Ana Pauker today. She must also remember the words of her father — the same he spoke to me when I met him: "You can't be a Jew and a Communist, just as you can't be a Christian and a Communist."

Yes, once she was one of the most important women in Europe: "I can always get in touch with Stalin, Malenkov, Beria or Molotov, if the occasion demands," she often boasted.

This glory is gone, as is her title, "Foreign Minister of Rumania." In fact, she was actually the chief Com-

inform representative in the Balkans.

She was the party boss and dictator over 16,000,000 Rumanians, but her larger task was to control 100,000,000 people living in the eastern part of non-Russian Europe.

She was "Tovarich Anny" when she addressed the meetings in Bucharest, Sofia, Prague, Budapest, and Belgrade.

The populations of Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Albania and even Yugoslavia were scared of her, just as she was afraid of them. She, like all Red dictators, rode in a bullet-proof armored car with four bodyguards beside her. Every night she slept at a different place, as she had done in the underground. She took royal homes and castles for her private use, whenever it pleased her.

In one of Bucharest's castles she slept in the same bed that Magda Lupescu had slept in, a woman who also had achieved tremendous power in Rumania.

Of course, Ana Pauker knew that she might be a victim of the purge guillotine. She must have remembered the boss of the Communist International, Sinoviev; Karl Radek, Stalin's favorite writer; Soviet Foreign Minister Max Litwinow, who died recently; and the ill-fated Constantine Oumanski, Soviet Ambassador to Mexico, who was ordered "home" and crashed fatally before he reached the shores of Stalinland. And there were many others.

She knew of the arrest of half of

Czechoslovakia's Communist government and the murder of the highest party members in Prague, from Andre Simone to Comrade Slansky. All were Jews. Hanging was their fate. Would she hang, too?

She knew what had happened to Trotsky, to Louis Adamic, the Yugoslav murdered in America.

Wasn't it Karl Marx who had warned of the Russians and their drive for power? Wasn't it the same Marx who said that every revolution eats up its own children? She was one of them. What would *her* end be?

How did her downfall start? How did she lose her power? She had not conspired with Tito nor with Bulgaria's Dimitrov. It couldn't be just anti-Semitism, though it was always in existence in the Rumanian Communist Party, and the late Stalin, who once shook hands with Ribbentrop, had always been accused of disliking the Jews. He felt Jews were people who wanted to betray him.

What was it really that they had against her? Was it the rumors that she had deposited money in Switzerland? Was it the feeling that she had turned soft and become a right-wing deviationist? She had never betrayed the party. She followed the party line, anytime and anywhere — no matter what it was. She even had defended the Ribbentrop-Molotov friendship pact. Was the real reason that sixty-one years ago she was born

Ana Rabinsohn, the daughter of an orthodox rabbi?

When I met her parents in Israel, I saw that they were simple and God-fearing people, her father Zvi Rabinsohn was a "shoshet," one of the many rabbinical aides and authorities in the killing of animals the "kosher" way, according to the old Jewish law. The family in Israel was terribly poor but proud. Nothing had come to them from Ana's glory as Red Queen. Her parents seldom saw meat, butter, chocolate or coffee.

Her father told me that Ana was considered very pretty when she was young, which is hard to believe now. She was then slender, medium-sized, with light-brown hair. She wanted to study medicine and be a doctor.

But at the age of seventeen she met a fanatic socialist who taught her the ABC's of Marxism. His name was Steinberg. It was a romantic and revolutionary student life, but she never married Steinberg and never finished her medical studies. Ana became a professional conspirator and revolutionary. To earn her living, she taught school and studied Bolshevism at night.

In 1918 she was arrested for distributing pamphlets urging peace and Communist revolution. In 1922 she was elevated to sit on the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Rumania and two years later, when the party was outlawed, she was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment but was eventually

released when a general amnesty was decreed.

DURING the war she had met Marcel Pauker, a liberal who believed in democracy and hated the Rumanian kings. He was a republican.

Ana converted him to Communism but, as Marcel Pauker at heart remained a liberal, he came in conflict with the Stalinists. He was finally "liquidated" as a Trotskyite.

Though Ana Pauker bore Marcel three children, she never was really married to him. Her only real loyalty was to the Communist Party.

After his execution in Moscow she said, "I loved my husband, but the party separated us."

Few people know that Ana and Marcel Pauker worked in the United States, in 1929 in the Amtorg, the Soviet Trading Mission, one of the most notorious spy centers.

When they returned to Rumania in the thirties, Hitler had taken power and was making overtures to Rumania. It was at this time she led a gun battle between striking railroad workers and the Rumanian police and was shot in the leg. The injury made her the heroine of the Rumanian party and the darling of the Komintern.

At the Bucharest trial she followed the usual Communist tactics and refused to answer questions. She was sentenced to ten years.

However, in 1941 she came into the picture again. The Rumanian

government under Ion Antonescu and Juliu Maniu closed a deal with the Russians and traded her in exchange for an anti-Communist imprisoned in Russia. Then the Soviets claimed rightfully that Ana Pauker was a Soviet citizen.

Antonescu gave Ana her freedom because she was a woman. This did not prevent her ordering his execution in 1946. In 1947 Maniu was sentenced to solitary confinement for life because he had favored the Marshall Plan. Cynically, Ana said at the time, "Maniu is old, he deserves his rest." Now, today, she was in the same prison with that Peasant Party leader.

AFTER her 1941 prison release she had gone to Moscow and was put in charge of Rumanian affairs there. She supervised broadcasts, printing of literature, smuggling of couriers into Rumania, and building up underground cells. Russia had designs on Rumania long before the Yalta-Teheran agreements.

When the war was over, Ana Pauker marched in the parade of the victorious Communists through the streets of Bucharest wearing the uniform of a Russian colonel.

Correspondents described her in 1945 as no longer a beauty. "She was broad in beam and bust. She had become slightly round-shouldered and chunky. She had wash-basin hands and hair pushed straight back. But there was something impressive about her eyes, which were

alert and expressive, and her voice, which was deep and confident."

She made King Michael monarch, only to stab him in the back fifty-three days after she had sworn her "allegiance to my King."

She then ousted him and became the Red Queen until she was thrown into jail in 1951.

When she took over power in Rumania, just one day before taking the oath of office, she and her secret police arrested every government employee working in the ministerial offices. She ordered a search of their houses and their desks for incriminating documents. Finally, every government employee in the Bucharest government building was behind bars with the exception of the doormen, who had been secret Communists even under King Carol.

She also cabled to all foreign Rumanian embassies and legations and ordered 160 high-ranking diplomats home. Only twenty-five returned. The rest remained where they were, and handed in their resignations — a wise precaution on their part.

The St. Louis *Post Dispatch* wrote of her at this time:

"Soon after coming to Bucharest, Ana had changed from the Army uniform to a seedy-looking Soviet-made coat with a red carnation in the lapel. But after she was sworn in as foreign minister she began to feel the lure of luxury, which seems to precede the purge of many a Red figurehead."

Now Ana went to the best tailors,

ordered clothes and perfumes from Paris. She showed extremely good taste, preferring dark suits and tailored dresses. Her shoes and bags matched colors and looked *en vogue*. But she never wore a hat — a concession to Communist fashion.

SHE worked very hard, sixteen hours a day. She smoked a tremendous number of cigarettes, drank quarts of coffee daily and used benzedrine to stay awake. All the time she was eliminating, liquidating, purging and arresting everyone who ever had even a slight chance to overthrow the Communist government in Rumania. Her successors are still profiting by it. With a scientific police-state system, Ana Pauker murdered close to ten thousand Rumanians.

She knew she was hated and when she traveled by train on the Orient Express, a guard was posted every 100 yards along the tracks.

The Jews of Rumania regretted the day she was born. Her father in Israel prayed in public for her soul, because she had re-awakened dormant anti-Semitism all over Rumania.

But Ana's three children were loyal Communists and proud of their mother and the prominent role she played in the country.

Ana's son, Vlad, and her two daughters, Marie and Tania, received three town houses in Bucharest, all confiscated from bourgeois owners. She also expropriated a capi-

talist lakeside villa for her own use.

When foreign governments protested her reign of terror she told them off in undiplomatic language. To the British and the United States governments she once said: "We do not care whether you like it or not; our people like my regime."

In 1949 it was revealed that she had smuggled funds to Switzerland and deposited them there in a bank. Her explanation to Stalin was that every Communist government must have emergency funds abroad. He seemed to accept the explanation.

But a year later, Moscow was upset over the lack of Rumanian production, the internal opposition and strife, the steady stream of refugees who escaped, and the Rumanian failure to help the Communists in Greece. A general shake-up took place, and most of Ana's confreres were ousted. Ana herself was thrown out of the Politburo, the high party council, and barred from all party functions. However, she was allowed to keep the post of foreign minister.

THIS paradoxical situation did not last long. On June 3, 1951 the Communist-controlled papers in Bucharest attacked her on the front pages, calling her a right-deviationist and charging her with plotting with another enemy of the state, the former finance minister Vasili Lucca. Both were brought to the Bucharest State Prison.

In prison, Ana promised to correct her errors and pledged she would

"fight with the party against all opposition."

She was finally released and put under house arrest at her own lakeside villa. Guards were put outside.

In explaining her "deviation," the papers said: "Ana Pauker had lived too long on the slope of aristocracy; she had torn herself away from the masses."

While she was still under house arrest, Radio Bucharest called her a pro-capitalist, counter-revolutionary and claimed she had illegal contacts with Israel. The broadcast stated that thanks only to the alert comrade George Gheorghiu-Dej was the secret plot discovered. He became the new prime minister of Rumania.

Though he and Ana were old comrades from the days of illegality and underground work, his first official act was to send Ana Pauker from her lakeside villa back to the Bucharest prison.

A week later, on June 8th, the new government indicted her for anti-state activities, support of counter-revolutionary elements, suppression of party criticism, opportunism, double-dealing, tolerance toward landowners, cultivation of unprincipled relations within the party leadership, and personal greediness and the smuggling of funds into Switzerland.

She is still in the Bucharest prison and she will probably never be brought to trial. Her children have also been arrested, as it is the customary Communist practice to liquidate

not just one individual but the entire family.

It is said that Ana is trying to reach Georgi Malenkov, whom she knows well and who was with her at the opening of the first Cominform Congress, but her chances are slim. Nothing is deadlier than a disgraced Communist.

In her cell the fallen Red Queen must have thought many times of what she once said about a purged

Communist official in the dim past:

"He fell into petty bourgeois habits. I advise all Communists not to sleep on their glory and to take heed from this lesson."

Ana's days are numbered and she will die unsung and without obituaries. There will be no detailed bulletins about her health and Soviet doctors will apply no imported leeches to ease her pain. In fact, she may be already dead.



» Why should freedom of speech and freedom of the press be allowed? Why should a government which is doing what it believes to be right allow itself to be criticized? It would not allow opposition by lethal weapons. Ideas are much more fatal things than guns. Why should any man be allowed to buy a printing press and disseminate pernicious opinions calculated to embarrass the government?

— *Nikolai Lenin*

» The excesses of an unbridled intellect, which unfailingly end in the oppression of the untutored multitude, are no less rightly controlled by the authority of the law than the injuries inflicted violently upon the weak. — *Pope Leo XIII*

» Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry. — *Mark Twain*

» That man was prettily and fantastically troubled, who, having used to put his trust in dreams, one night dreamed that all dreams were vain; for he considered, if so, then this was vain, and the dreams might be true for all this. But if they might be true, then this dream might be so upon equal reason. And then dreams were vain, because this dream, which told him so, was true; and so round again.

— *Jeremy Taylor*

HOW TO WIN—OR LOSE— AN ELECTION

By Nino Lo Bello

MY OPPONENT, Mr. W. J. Packham, is a good, reliable, honest man, and I highly recommend him for the post I am also running for. Your vote for him is a vote well spent."

The voters who read that statement on election day, 1944, in Fairfield, Idaho, agreed with it. And Probate Judge Ray G. Jones, a Republican who paid for the ad, lost his campaign for re-election.

Peculiar antics have come out of political campaigns. In America there are some 20,000 elective jobs, and as we exercise our inalienable right to vote persons into these offices, at times the bid for our vote takes on loony aspects.

Consider the dilemma of the voters in Nebraska a few years ago. They were faced with *the* George Norris running against another George Norris. The confusion arose from a G.O.P. scheme. Having supported some Democratic policies, Republican Senator George Norris became unpopular with his own party. A grocer by the same name was persuaded to run in the primary to confuse the voters. The real

Norris was able to beam truth on the chicanery and quash the plot.

One politician who had a plot of a different kind managed to muster up some 32,643 votes in Camden, New Jersey. Although Democrat Neal M. Alcott had died during the campaign, his party still ran him as a candidate. The office the dead man was running for? Coroner.

In Rochester, New York, another candidate, Arthur T. Baftmans, sought election as sheriff for just one purpose: He wanted to abolish the office he was running for. And in the same state, Joseph O'Neil campaigned vigorously against himself because he did not want to be tax collector of North Castle Township. He won.

Not so successful was a gullible gent in Kansas, victim of a practical joke. In September, 1880, the Republican state convention squabbled bitterly, and there was talk among the delegates of bolting. Some of the dissenters decided to have a little fun and staged a mock "independent convention."

Everyone who attended knew it was a joke. A full ticket was "nomi-

nated" of men who had talked of siding with the Democrats. The "delegates" informed unsuspecting Dr. F. M. Stringfield of his "nomination for governor," and he took it in earnest. He even made an acceptance speech on a hotel balcony to a loud crowd that was in on the fun.

FOR the next few months Dr. Stringfield undertook a campaign throughout the state. Though many poked fun at him, he gave addresses to any group willing to listen. His hard stumping went for naught. At the polls he received exactly 219 votes — including his own.

Another loser was the Merchant Marine ensign who conducted a "kiss campaign" in Maryland to get himself elected to Congress in 1944. John W. Benson enlisted the assistance of a pretty girl and campaigned by handing out kisses to anyone in his district. Those who objected to the physical variety were given the candy kind.

But his Democratic opponent, Thomas D'Alesandro, had a unique method of his own — at least, according to the ensign. Benson charged that the reason he distributed kisses was that he didn't have the money to duplicate the spaghetti dinners D'Alesandro gave to prospective voters.

The kiss and other amatory activities were ballyhooed in the 1868 election of General Grant, when the first and only female candidate

ran for the U. S. Presidency. She was Victoria Claflin Woodhull, a woman in her early thirties and the daughter of a hobo. Mrs. Woodhull ran on a party platform of Free Love — this in an era when the term was whispered even by men.

Mrs. Woodhull was fired with the conviction that life had a greater destiny for women than that of a kitchen slave. Accordingly she barnstormed the country to provide some hoopla for her ideal system of government, which she called "Pantarchy."

Pantarchy pleaded for absolute equality between the sexes and for a universal freedom of love. One cartoonist satirized it with a drawing of pants-wearing women smoking cigars and watching men in dresses awkwardly diapering babies.

Still, Victoria campaigned as the American Joan of Arc, pioneering for feminine emancipation. Auditoriums in which she spoke were always jammed. The more the police arrested her, the larger the turnout for her speeches. At one time New York City forbade her to appear on any public platform. But she defied the authorities with this poster:

AT COOPER UNION, N. Y.

MRS. WOODHULL ON

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL FREEDOM
INVOLVING THE QUESTIONS OF

FREE LOVE

MARRIAGE

PROSTITUTION

With orders to re-arrest her, the

police surrounded the auditorium. The packed hall was certain that somehow or other "Vicki" would sneak through and make her speech. And Vicki did not disappoint.

DISGUISED as an old Quakeress, Mrs. Woodhull ambled into the noisy arena. Once inside she bolted to the stage. Towering above the mob, she raised her arms in triumph amid rocking cheers.

"I am accused of adultery," she roared in a volcano of angry defiance, "because I dare kiss the men I love. I want you to know that it is better for a woman to bear a dozen healthy children by twelve different men than by one man. People who travel for a change of air need a change in sex relations more."

By now the police had swooped down. They trundled her to the Ludlow Street Jail, but before long she was quietly released. She continued stumping the country in her bid for the White House. Although her campaigning attracted hordes, in the balloting Mrs. Woodhull received no Electoral votes.

Even more stormy have been some of the local campaigns in Kentucky. There, political violence was expected. Until recently ballots were never counted till the day after election. This was one way to cool down the fever of the feuding factions. It used to be said that in Kentucky "they always count the casualties before the votes."

Writer Franklin P. Adams, by contrast, was never one for political warfare. Running for the state senate in Connecticut, he promised to campaign "by keeping my trap shut." He must have been tight-lipped indeed because the voters were just as tight with their okays and elected his more talkative opponent.

In the 1948 Presidential campaign the Vegetarian Party gave lip service to its unique platform. The Vegetarian candidate for the White House was an 86-year-old bearded Chicagoan, Dr. John Maxwell, owner of a meatless restaurant. If elected, he declared, his first official act would be to sponsor legislation to outlaw the raising of food for cattle. "This," he said, "would solve the world's hunger problem."

Sixty years earlier, the paramount issue in the Northwest Territory in 1888 was whether a certain mountain peak be named Rainier or Tacoma. In some spots the citizens were pro-Rainier and at others pro-Tacoma. Politicians could not evade the issue.

Vice-presidential candidate Adlai E. Stevenson managed, however. But it took some doing. With the help of the engineer of his special train, he arranged a hidden cord that would blow the engine's whistle and drown out part of his address.

During his talks on the beauty of the mountain, Stevenson had a stock closing: "This controversy must be settled and settled right by

the national government. I pledge myself here and now that if elected I will not rest until the glorious mountain is properly named. There is only one name that is worthy of consideration, and that is. . . .”

At this point the whistle would shriek and the train would chug out of the station.

A TRICK of a different type was used by Davy Crockett. The Alamo martyr got himself elected to Congress in Tennessee by taking advantage of his opponent’s wooden leg. Campaigning together, Crockett and Adam “Peg-Leg” Huntsman stopped overnight at the home of an influential farmer who was backing Huntsman.

After everybody had retired, Crockett devised a plan. He arose quietly, picked up a chair and crept stealthily down the hallway to the room in which the farmer’s daughter slept. Then he made an apparent effort to force her door. The girl awoke and screamed.

Crockett firmly held the chair and fled with one foot on the lower rung. This provided a thumping similar to a wooden leg. Back in his room, he plopped into bed and turned on his best ten-dollar snore. A few moments later the father rushed to Peg-Leg’s bed.

“Oh no, you don’t,” the indignant farmer roared. “You can’t fool me. I heard that peg-leg of yours too plain.” In spite of Huntsman’s protestations of innocence,

the farmer discontinued his support and was able to swing many active party workers to the Crockett fold.

Further south, in Mississippi, a clever piece of humor produced victory for one gentleman. In the post-Civil War period, Private John Allen ran against Confederate General Tucker, who had served two terms in Congress. At one place, a stump where the two campaigners met, General Tucker shrewdly closed his speech with the following:

“Seventeen years ago last night, my fellow citizens, after a hard-fought battle on yonder hill, I bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember, as I do, the times that tried men’s souls will not forget your humble servant in the election.”

That was a strong appeal. But Private Allen beat the general at his own game. “My fellow citizens,” he said, “what General Tucker says is true about sleeping in yon clump of trees 17 years ago. It is also true that I was on guard duty that night while he slept. Now then, fellow citizens, all of you who were generals and had privates stand guard while you slept, vote for General Tucker. All of you who were privates and stood guard over generals while they slept vote for Private John Allen.”

The people caught on. Private Allen was sent to the House of Representatives.

Perhaps the most unusual of all campaigns was the one involving

the bizarre activities of a red-whiskered Kansas doctor in 1930. Dr. John R. Brinkley almost became governor as a result of transplanting the glands of billy goats in men. Using his own pioneer station, he became the first politician in America to employ radio.

Doc Brinkley first came to public attention by advertising that he could "rejuvenate" men at \$750 per operation. Patients who underwent his goat-gland treatment sang his praises—and so did some of their wives. In a short time he was able to build up one of the most amazing practices in the field of quack medicine, his income reaching considerably more than a half million dollars a year.

ETHICAL doctors began howling at the "quack radio practitioner." The press and the local politicians ganged up on him in an attempt to crush him with a double-funnel crusade. At the hearings that followed before the state medical board, hundreds of Brinkley's satisfied customers testified in his behalf.

Since the rejuvenating M.D. was nevertheless deprived of his license in a very arbitrary action, a wave of popular resentment spread. Admirers wrote and urged him to "get on your radio station, get yourself elected governor and then you can control the medical board."

At first Brinkley paid no heed. A few days later he told a reporter in jest that he was thinking about

running for governor. The next day's headlines brought a half ton of telegrams and letters. Brinkley decided to run. But he could not get his name on the ballot, since the primaries had already been held.

He took to his radio and told his listeners the only way they could vote for him would be to *write* his name on their ballots—correctly.

Every day from early morning until late at night Doc Brinkley stayed glued to his mike. From all parts of Kansas people began rallying behind the goat-gland medico. Letters with money poured in by the bagfull. When he appeared in towns where his rival candidates were speaking, the people flocked to hear him.

On election night, as the returns came in, Brinkley was running far ahead of his two opponents. Frightened state bosses began telephoning their leaders all over to get word to the counting officials to throw out Brinkley write-in ballots on every possible technicality. Shortly after midnight, as the tabulators strained to kill ballots, Brinkley's totals began to lag.

The final official count gave Brinkley 183,278 votes, enough to influence the election so that the winner came out on top by a plurality of a mere 251 ballots. Experienced observers admitted that if the ballots of all who had voted for him had been fairly recorded, Doc Brinkley would have won a smashing, one-sided victory.

The Truth || ABOUT *the* UNITED NATIONS

|| *By Chesly Manly*

THE United Nations, now in its eighth year, is a self-evident futility; but that fact alone would neither incite public opinion nor overcome the inertia of statesmen who perpetrated a fraud upon the people and are loath to admit it. The United States will not withdraw from the U.N. until the people make it known that their intelligence is insulted and their moral sense is outraged by continued fraternization, in a purported peace organization, with international Communism, which is avowedly dedicated to the violent destruction of the whole non-Communist world.

A grass-roots reassessment of the U.N. already is in progress, among members of school boards, Parent-Teacher associations, American Legion posts, women's clubs, and civic organizations which are concerned about U.N. propaganda in the public schools.

Obviously, our school children should learn something about the U.N. Our membership in this organization, its headquarters on American soil, the support it has received

from our Presidents, Secretaries of State, and leaders of Congress, regardless of political party, are facts of our national life. Moreover, some 400,000 Americans are fighting in Korea under the banner of this organization, in a war that has cost us more than 130,000 casualties.

I believe most Americans would agree that instruction about the U.N. should be truthful. School children may accept the preposterous claims made for the organization by self-interested politicians, self-deluded college professors, One World newspapers, and credulous club women; but in time they will learn to think for themselves and their disillusionment may have unfortunate consequences. Objective teaching, however, is not what the U.N. and its supporters want. They seek to indoctrinate school children, beginning in kindergarten, with propaganda for a supranational "world community." A joint report on "Teaching About the United Nations and the Specialized Agencies," prepared by the Secretary General of the U.N. and the Direc-

tor General of UNESCO, declares that such instruction "should not be . . . limited merely to imparting information about the structure and activities of the organization, important though this information may be. Rather should it be seen as a form of education contributing to the development of world-minded citizens."

THE report states that a program of education for "the world community" should "make clear that states, whatever their difference of creeds and ways of life, have both a duty to co-operate in international organizations and an interest in so doing." Clearly this implies that the United States has a duty to "co-operate" with the Soviet Union, despite the late Josef Stalin's insistence that such co-operation is unthinkable.

Excessive internationalism, or allegiance to a "world community," is incompatible with genuine patriotism. The Bible tells us that "no man can serve two masters." Communism, which is one form of internationalism, finds its greatest appeal among those who have been taught to sneer at patriotism as though it were but "the last refuge of a scoundrel," to use Dr. Samuel Johnson's phrase.

Propaganda material distributed by UNESCO for school teachers contains a quotation from *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, by Bertrand Russell, which condemns "big-

oted nationalism" in history textbooks. This English One Worlder and idol of UNESCO makes it clear in his latest book, *The Impact of Science on Society*, that he regards any degree of nationalism as a manifestation of bigotry. "Unless there is a world government which secures universal birth control," he writes, "there must from time to time be great wars, in which the penalty of defeat is widespread death by starvation."

Here is a glimpse of One World, as conceived by Lord Russell, a self-styled "democratic socialist":

"It is to be expected that advances in physiology and psychology will give governments much more control over individual mentality than they now have even in totalitarian countries. . . . Diet, injections, and injunctions will combine, from a very early age, to produce the sort of character and the sort of beliefs that the authorities consider desirable, and any serious criticism of the powers that be will become psychologically impossible. Even if all are miserable, all will believe themselves happy because the government will tell them that they are so."

WHEN such an eminent scholar as Prof. Samuel Flagg Bemis of Yale University declares in his *Diplomatic History of the United States* that the U.N. has "proved to be but an international debating society, like the first League of

Nations, only more vituperative," and when Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Great Britain's chief delegate to the U.N., frankly acknowledges that it "cannot provide for our security," it is time to stop deceiving our school children about it.

It is a simple matter for a teacher to be objective about the structure of the U.N., its membership, the assigned functions of its various organs, and its asserted purposes; but an honest evaluation of the organization requires information that will never be found in official handbooks. Probably there is not one teacher in the country who has sufficient knowledge of the U.N. to teach the subject authoritatively. I have debated the question with university professors posing as experts who were amazingly uninformed about the U.N. in practice, as distinguished from theory. Only those who have had years of experience at U.N. meetings and enjoy the confidence of delegates and their political advisers know the truth about the organization, the realities behind the global gibble-gabble, the motivations and machinations of member governments, the ominous currents of anti-Americanism in the secretariat and in delegations of supposedly friendly nations.

The essential facts, however, are self-evident. Why was the U.N. founded? The primary purpose, according to the charter, was "to maintain international peace and se-

curity." Instead of peace and security we have a global cold war, a major shooting war in Korea, smaller shooting wars in Indo-China and Malaya, unresolved states of war in the Middle East (Palestine) and on the subcontinent of India (Kashmir), and smoldering unrest among the colonial and semi-colonial peoples of Africa and Asia. Both former President Truman and President Eisenhower have told us that the menace of world Communism is the greatest peril ever faced by the United States.

ANOTHER major purpose of the U.N., according to the Atlantic Charter, in which it was projected, was "to relieve mankind from the crushing burden of armaments." Seven years after the first U.N. general assembly the American people are paying fifty to sixty billion dollars a year for armaments and foreign aid.

Apologists for the U.N. cannot dispute these facts, but they argue that the world situation would be even worse, that we might be engaged in a global atomic war, if the organization did not exist. The answer to that argument is that the U.N. has not solved a single political question which could not and would not have been settled by the traditional processes of diplomacy if the U.N. had never been created.

We are told that the U.N. got the Soviet troops out of Iran. Actually, they did not leave until the

Kremlin's demand for an oil concession in northern Iran had been met by the Iranian prime minister. The Soviet Union pulled its troops out of Iran, after obtaining the oil agreement, because it was not ready to risk war with the United States and Great Britain, not because of any respect for the U.N. Security Council. Concurrently with the Iranian dispute, Stalin was demanding bases on the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. When Turkey threatened to fight and the United States and Britain said they would support the Turks, Stalin backed down. This was a triumph of old-fashioned power politics, in a case that was not even before the U.N.

In the Palestine war, both the Jews and the Arabs defied the Security Council when it appeared to suit their interests, and hostilities ceased only with the victory of Israeli arms. This was a triumph of force, not a victory for the U.N. After the Israeli victory, the U.N. negotiated an armistice agreement, but in five years it has not been able to effect a peace settlement, or to solve the problem of 850,000 Palestinian Arabs who were displaced by the war.

In Indonesia, the Dutch defied the Security Council until Merle Cochran, a wise American diplomat, finally persuaded them that no matter what sacrifices they were prepared to make they could never subjugate the Indonesians. Yielding to American pressure, the Dutch

granted independence to the Indonesians.

IN Kashmir, India and Pakistan agreed to a cease-fire because each hoped to get what it wanted from the U.N.; but four years of U.N. efforts to settle the dispute have failed, and the armies of the two countries still menace each other in a situation that could explode into a world war.

The U.N. is credited with saving Greece from destruction by Communist guerrilla forces supported by the Soviet Union's Balkan satellites. Actually, Greece was saved by direct American military and economic assistance, costing almost two billion dollars, and by Communist Yugoslavia's break with Stalinism. Yugoslavia had been the main base of guerrilla operations against Greece.

The Security Council's attempt to end the Berlin Blockade was frustrated by a Soviet veto. Months later the question was settled by direct negotiations. It is slightly ludicrous to give the U.N. credit for this settlement on the ground that it provided the diplomatic contact which resulted in the direct negotiations. The United States and the Soviet Union have diplomatic contacts in the major capitals of the world, and need not depend on chance meetings in U.N. washrooms.

The Security Council tried and failed to settle Great Britain's dispute with Egypt over the future

of the Sudan and the defense of the Suez Canal. Aided by American mediation, a function of old-fashioned diplomacy, Britain and Egypt have happily reached an agreement on the Sudan and have agreed in principle on British evacuation of the Suez Canal zone, which will prepare the way for a Middle East defense pact. It appears probable that American mediation efforts also will effect a settlement of Britain's oil dispute with Iran, which the Security Council tried and failed to settle.

THE General Assembly at first refused to consider Arab complaints that France was oppressing the Moroccans, in violation of the U.N. Charter, and the Security Council later refused to consider similar charges against the French in Tunisia. When the Assembly finally took up both questions, it sought to appease the French, who were conducting a Soviet-style boycott of its sessions. The Assembly adopted Latin American resolutions, inspired by the United States, which expressed confidence in France's intentions respecting the Tunisians and Moroccans. For its labors, the Assembly incurred the contempt of France and the resentment of the whole Moslem world from Morocco to Indonesia, whose leaders made it clear that the struggle for independence would go on.

The response of the U.N. to the Communist aggression in Korea is

acclaimed by supporters of the organization as a victory for the collective security principle in its first test. Actually it would be difficult to imagine a more convincing demonstration that such a system is not collective, nor does it provide security. The resistance to aggression in Korea is called a U.N. operation, but it is primarily an American war. President Truman ordered American armed forces into action before the Security Council was asked to recommend such assistance to the South Koreans. Confronted by a *fait accompli*, and lightly assuming that the United States could defeat the Communists without calling for substantial help, members of the Security Council voted for armed action. So far as the United States was concerned, the U.N. served only as a convenient pretext for the President to enter the war without a declaration by Congress, as required by the Constitution. The United States has done more than ninety per cent of the fighting by U.N. members; it has sustained more than ninety per cent of the U.N. casualties; and it has borne more than ninety per cent of the cost of the war.

The General Assembly stalled for ten weeks after Communist China's intervention in the war before adopting a resolution accusing the Peiping regime of aggression. It waited six months before adopting, with even greater reluctance, a resolution calling for an embargo on

the shipment of war materials to Red China. It has never called for a complete cessation of trading with the enemy, and the United States, Canada, and the Philippines are the only U.N. members that have stopped all such trade. Neither has the U.N. sought to exercise the moral authority ascribed to it by its supporters by condemning the Soviet Union for its part in the Korean aggression.

UNITED NATIONS members obstructed the prosecution of the war in Korea by repeatedly warning the United States against attacking enemy bases in Manchuria and by sniping at General MacArthur until President Truman removed him. They induced the United States to walk into a bear trap by accepting Moscow's proposal for armistice talks at a time when the Communists needed time to build up their forces. The Assembly has addressed repeated truce appeals to the Chinese Communists, including one offer to give them both Formosa and a seat in the U.N.

A persistent and widely propagated myth about the U.N. is that the non-Communist members are united; that they are faithful to their obligations under the charter, and that obstruction by the Soviet bloc is the sole reason for the weakness of the organization. The Soviet Union has flagrantly abused its veto in the Security Council, but the U.N. could do anything the charter

authorizes it to do, including the use of armed force, on a recommendation by the General Assembly, in which there is no veto. After the fortuitous absence of the Soviet delegation permitted the Security Council to recommend armed intervention in Korea, the Assembly adopted the so-called "Uniting for Peace" resolution, proposed by former Secretary of State Acheson. This resolution authorizes the Assembly to meet on twenty-four hours' notice and recommend collective action against aggression whenever the Security Council is stymied by a veto. It also calls upon all U.N. members to maintain units of their armed forces so trained, organized and equipped that they could be made available to the U.N. on its call. The U.N. charter obligates all members to make armed forces available to the Security Council, in accordance with special agreements, but the Soviet Union and other members have never been able to agree on the strength and character of such forces and the Council has no international army. The Acheson plan was designed not only to meet this deficiency but also to circumvent the Soviet veto in the Security Council.

THE response to the Acheson plan demonstrated the futility of trying to organize a universal collective security system which would bind its members to fight in remote parts of the world for some abstract

principle, however their national interests might be conceived by their responsible officials. Not a single U.N. member agreed to earmark special armed units for U.N. service. Only the United States made a blanket commitment to fight for U.N. principles wherever aggression might occur.

The frequent refusal of a dozen Asian and African nations with a combined population of more than 600 million to support the United States in political and propaganda contests with the Soviet Union is additional evidence of disunity among the non-Communist membership. In January, 1952 — when the Assembly was meeting in Paris — India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Burma, Egypt and Yemen even refused to vote for an American proposal for the reduction and regulation of armaments and the international control of atomic energy.

Last December 22, a Soviet resolution accusing the United States of "the mass murder of Korean and Chinese prisoners of war on the Island of Pongam" was defeated by a vote of 45 to 5 (the Soviet bloc) with 10 abstentions. This appeared to be a statistical victory for the United States, but the psychological warriors of the Kremlin figure it differently. They are far more interested in the populations represented by the governments which refused to acquit the United States of mass murder. Afghanistan, Burma, Egypt, India, Indonesia,

Iran, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Syria and Yemen, with a combined population of 600 million, abstained. They refused to vote against a Communist proposal accusing the United States of a monstrous crime. When the population of these countries is added to the 800 million inhabitants of the Communist countries, the total becomes one billion, 400 million out of a world total of two billion, 400 million. Thus it is clear that the Stalinists had reason to be pleased with a night's work in the U.N. by Andrei Gromyko.

The United States is alienating the Asian and African peoples because it supports British and French imperialism. Historically, the United States has championed the cause of freedom in all struggles between subject peoples and the European colonial powers. The American Revolution has been an inspiration for liberation movements throughout the world. Because of its attempt to strengthen its European allies against the threat of Communism, however, the United States finds itself in an embarrassing position whenever colonial questions come before the U.N.

STALIN accepted the U.N. to lull the United States and other countries into a false sense of security and to mask his own plans for world dominion. According to Stalin, "the revolutionary accepts reform in order to use it as a cover for his illegal work." Alger Hiss labored

assiduously for the establishment of the U.N., no doubt in the confident expectation that it would serve Stalin's purposes.

These are some of the facts about the U.N. and its historical background that should be taught in our schools, at least in high schools. In some parts of the country any teacher presuming to assess the U.N. in this manner would be denounced as an isolationist, a xenophobe, a hate monger and probably a crypto-fascist; but no honest teacher should worry about such attacks coming from those who insisted only a few years ago that "Old Joe" Stalin was a benevolent patriarch who yearned to help the United States usher in the millennium under the One World flag of the U.N.

Unlike the League of Nations, which expelled the Soviet Union when it attacked Finland, the U.N. could not kick the Communists out, because of the Security Council veto. The non-Communist members could withdraw collectively and attempt to reorganize the U.N. without the Communists, but the Asian countries would not come in. The other non-Communist countries, already bound by a series of military alliances, have no need for a political superstructure. If the United States should pull out, the U.N. would collapse.

Various arguments against this course are offered by the U.N. apologists. Dean Acheson still professes to believe that the Commu-

nists someday will realize that their own interests can best be served by co-operation. This is the same delusion which actuated the founders of the U.N. Secretary of State Dulles appears to be somewhat less hopeful than Acheson about reforming the Soviets, but he believes the U.N. restrains them by mobilizing and focusing upon them "the moral judgment of the world." With the single exception of its finding that Moscow "failed to carry out" its treaty with Nationalist China, however, the U.N. has never pronounced a moral judgment upon the Soviet Union.

I BELIEVE the U.N. should be abolished for these reasons:

1. Debates in the organization exacerbate international tensions and ill will. Woodrow Wilson's proclamation that "diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view" was a fine theory, but Arthur (later Lord) Balfour was far more realistic when he warned the British House of Commons that international negotiations cannot be conducted in public. "How is the task of the peace-maker to be pursued," he asked, "if you are to shout your grievances from the house-tops whenever they occur? The only result is that you embitter public feeling, that the differences between the two states suddenly attain a magnitude they ought never to be allowed to approach, that the newspapers of the two countries have

their passions set on fire, and great crises arise, which may end, have ended sometimes, in international catastrophes.”

2. The Communist countries are the chief beneficiaries of the U.N. They use it as a sounding board for their poisonous propaganda against the United States. Press and radio facilities carry reports of these Communist slanders throughout the world, and the imprimatur of the U.N. gives them a semblance of credibility.

3. The Soviet Union uses the U.N. as a cover for military secret police agents, who come here to enlist American Communists in the Kremlin's espionage service. As a result of American congressional and grand jury investigations, more than forty American members of the Secretariat who were believed to be Communists have been dismissed.

4. The U.N. spawns treaties, covenants and conventions which could undermine the Constitution and subvert the sovereignty of the United States. Chief Justice Vinson and two other justices of the Supreme Court upheld President Truman's seizure of the nation's steel industry on the ground that the U.N. charter, a treaty, obligated the United States to resist aggression in Korea and therefore authorized the President to take any steps he deemed necessary for the prosecution of the war. If two other justices had joined the Supreme Court minority, this revolutionary interpretation

of the President's powers under the U.N. charter would be the law of the land and the United States could be plunged into national socialism by executive decree. The President, any President, could seize all industry, nationalize all agriculture, and draft all labor into the federal service.

THE proper substitute for the U.N. would be a return to the traditional processes of diplomacy — direct negotiations, conciliation, mediation, arbitration, and *ad hoc* international conferences as needed. A restoration of the balance of power which we destroyed by entering World War II offers the best hope of deterring Soviet aggression. This equilibrium can be restored only by the rearmament of Germany and Japan. If France refuses to permit German co-operation in a Western European army, then Germany must be encouraged to rearm unilaterally. Meanwhile the retaliatory power of the United States must balance the strength and deter the aggressive tendency of the Soviet Union. To do this we must keep the United States strong not only militarily but also economically, for the Communist threat is primarily political, economic, and long-range. Stalin's writings make it abundantly clear that he believed forces should be used in a final struggle to overthrow the stronghold of capitalism only after a “revolutionary crisis” has developed in this country.

If we bankrupt ourselves trying to strengthen allies who have not the will to build up their own defenses, we shall bring about the "revolutionary crisis" for which the Kremlin is waiting.

This appraisal of the U.N. may be somewhat pessimistic, but the simple fact is that mankind has not reached that degree of perfection which is required for the successful operation of a world peace league. And if mankind ever attains such a state of perfection no peace league will be needed.

The idea is older than Christianity. The Amphictyonic League of the ancient Greek city-states was a collective security organization, not unlike the U.N. Alexander Hamilton, in the *Federalist*, told

how the smaller members of the Greek league became "satellites of the orbs of primary magnitude," a phenomenon that is all too familiar in the U.N. According to the *Federalist*: "Even in the midst of defensive and dangerous wars with Persia and Macedon, the members never acted in concert, and were, more or fewer of them, eternally the dupes or the hirelings of the common enemy. The intervals of foreign wars were filled up by domestic vicissitudes, convulsions, and carnage."

Possibly the world will be ready for a league of nations in another 2,500 years, but very little progress in that direction has been made since the unfortunate experience of the Greeks, 2,500 years ago.



» In a free country, every man thinks he has a concern in all public matters; that he has a right to form and a right to deliver an opinion upon them. They sift, examine, and discuss them. They are curious, eager, attentive, and jealous; and by making such matters the daily subjects of their thoughts and discoveries, vast numbers contract a very tolerable knowledge of them, and some a very considerable one. And this it is that fills free countries with men of ability in all stations. Whereas in other countries, none but men whose office calls them to it having not much care or thought about public affairs, and not daring to try the force of their opinions with one another, ability of this sort is extremely rare in any station in life. — *Edmund Burke*

» Much is being said and written about saving the democracies. The best and wisest way to save our democracy is to use it. You are the sovereign people. The gentlemen in the government and in Congress are the servants of the people. Do not forget this important fact. And do not let them forget it. — *Dorothy Detzer*



MR. YI SONG OK

By Morrey Dunie



THE ancient, white-haired Korean patriarch was squatting on the floor of his tiny, mud-walled hut when I first met him. His oblique eyes, twinkling and friendly, and the long, snow-like beard instantly conveyed the impression that here was Asia's version of Santa Claus.

And that first impression, although not exactly correct because Mr. Yi Song Ok did not have the wealth and means to dispense gifts, was not far from wrong. He was a rounded personality who combined the charm of a showman with the common sense of a hard-headed businessman.

My chance meeting with the old man — he was well past eighty although he didn't know his exact age — occurred during the year I spent in Korea with the United States Information Service. I was interested in a unique Korean war orphanage located on an island off the peninsula's inlet-studded southern coast, and often rode a smelly, fish-laden boat to visit my little ragamuffin friends.

One crisp, spring day, however,

the orphanage director insisted we stop off and visit a different island. We transferred from the fish boat to a creaky, pole-driven lighter and were carried ashore, where we followed a path of slimy, slippery rocks into the picturesque village of Kaduk.

At the first hut we stopped and took off our shoes, a timeless Korean custom before entering a house, and walked through the open door. Inside, Mr. Yi, the Oriental St. Nick, was resting right in the middle of the floor, smiling and tugging at his fine beard. He was dressed in the traditional white tie-around gown of Korean elders.

Mr. Yi continued to smile and nod sagely as the director introduced me in Korean. I was preparing to say something appropriate in Japanese when my ancient host suddenly remarked in perfect English, "How do you do, young man? I am very pleased to meet an American."

The old man's greeting virtually floored me. The last language I expected to hear from him was Eng-

lish, and it took several seconds for the shock of his familiar opening remarks to be absorbed. When I finally regained my tongue I replied politely. Then began a conversation which lasted nearly five hours — five hours in which the character of a wonderful and interesting old Korean was indelibly inscribed in my memory and experience.

OUR talk naturally was in English, with occasional lapses into Japanese to clarify specific points in the host of subjects we discussed. Although Mr. Yi's English was not always grammatically correct, I soon discovered that the old man had a large vocabulary. All the more amazing when I realized he had not spoken the language for a number of years and lived in the peace and seclusion of an island completely cut off from the rest of the world.

His speech was liberally sprinkled with two favorite phrases, *all right*, and *sure*. The former he invariably mispronounced, slurring the *l*'s and making it sound like "awrr-right."

I asked the old man, whose light tan, parchment-like face was always livid with expression, where he learned to speak English. He related:

"Many years ago, when I was a young man, I worked for an American mining company in Korea. I listened and gradually learned the language. I also studied in an English-language Bible. But you must forgive me sometimes if I make

mistakes, because I have not spoken much English for a long time."

The venerable octogenarian's lips weren't visible when he talked because his lengthy white mustache drooped down to where his unruly beard began. But his eyes sparkled and flashed and smiled. They were — like Santa Claus's — the eyes of a young man. And when the old man professed his longing for the companionship of Americans, whom he loved, his eyes became misty and nostalgic.

Away back in the beginning, Mr. Yi recalled from the recesses of his memory, he worked in the gold and copper mines of his native province in North Korea, near the now-famous Yalu River sanctuary of Communist jet fighters. He worked hard and he was a bright, industrious young man who quickly aroused the interest and respect of his American bosses.

THE Americans in Korea at that time — Mr. Yi figures it was 1903 or 1904 — liked the personable Korean and presented him with a handsome gold pocket watch when they left the mines to return home. As far as he could recollect, Mr. Yi said, he carried the watch with him every day of his life. He had the worn but still accurate timepiece with him that day, and referred constantly to this favorite possession.

Mr. Yi told how he took advantage of the extra time and training given him by the American engi-

neers. He gradually became a mine owner and quite wealthy. After operating the mines for a long time, he turned to farming.

He had been growing fruit for a number of years, Mr. Yi said, when World War II finally came to a close and the Japanese were kicked out of Korea. Living north of the thirty-eighth parallel in the area occupied by Russian troops following V-J Day, the old man saw Soviet soldiers take over his beloved homeland. Like every other Korean, he asserted, he felt that the occupation was to be a temporary set-up until an independent and sovereign Korean government could be organized.

Although he talked and gestured vigorously when he described the early years of his life, Mr. Yi really became excited when we began discussing the Communists and the Korean war. He noted that he always lost his temper and became aroused when he thought about the Communists. The conversation with me was no different, and he began shouting and violently gesticulating as he related some of the Communist actions—things he witnessed first-hand before fleeing to his island retreat.

“When the Bolsheviks came to Korea,” he cried, “I had many fruit trees—apples, pears—many, many fruit trees. That was all right. Soon a Bolshevik came to my farm and said that I must give him some of my fruit for taxes and other things. All right. Everybody must

always pay taxes. He said I must give him 50 of every 1,000 apples. All right. Two or three months later another Bolshevik came to my farm and said I must give him 100 of every 1,000 apples. All right. Soon another Bolshevik came and said I must give him 300 of every 1,000 apples I have.

“The Bolsheviks not only took most of my crops but they always took the best fruit. When the Bolsheviks took my apples they always took the biggest and reddest apples.

“The Bolsheviks did this to all of the farmers. They did not stop only with apples, but forced us to give them the best of all the fruits and vegetables.”

His lively brown eyes opened wide and his heavily-veined hands maneuvered continually as the old man told of the Communists in North Korea. He was completely oblivious of everything except the tale he was telling about the hated Communists. I didn't dare to interfere with questions.

“When I refuse to yield to the Bolsheviks any more, I finally decide to leave my home,” he said, “although it means I must leave the province in which my family has always lived. I had heard the Americans in the south are treating the Korean people well, and I wanted to see and talk to Americans again.”

The old man and his wife packed together whatever belongings they could carry on their backs and fled

from the area which had been their family home from time immemorial. Despite being caught in the backwash of the war, the elderly couple eventually found their way to pleasant surroundings in Kaduk.

Grey-haired Mrs. Yi, incidentally, was present during my talk with her husband. But being a good Oriental wife who did not interfere with her husband and his guests, she sat quietly and warmed her feet by the little charcoal *habachi*, or brazier, as her spouse of many years talked with me.

During our conversation the thought constantly recurred that this was a truly wonderful and memorable day. Here we sat — a young American and an old Korean — poles apart by every criterion from age to background and brought together by a terrible war raging in the north. But as we talked and drank hot, very sweet tea prepared by Mrs. Yi, the war seemed far, far away, as though in another world.

Mr. Yi told me he was very happy on the island. He often visited the nearby orphanage and played with the pitiful children who had been sent to the institution after being plucked from the streets of Pusan. That afternoon Mr. Yi and I visited the orphans together. Then I was more certain than ever the old man was a Korean Santa Claus.

HE DISPLAYED terrific vitality in romping and playing with the youngsters, most of whom weren't

one-eighth his age. He laughed with them and played games with them. He said he kept young and healthy by joining in with the children in their interests and fun. And he was a great favorite with the young.

At the same time, the old man counseled the children and was quick to point out whatever was wrong or morally bad. He recognized progress and as we played catch with several boys he said, "In the children is the future of Korea. Korea has fought in many wars and been fought over many times. Each time the younger generation rebuilt Korea. This time, too, the children will restore Korea. We must teach our children the right things and the right thoughts."

When I prepared to leave Mr. Yi late that afternoon and take the fish boat back to Pusan, the old man made me promise to return and visit with him again. "I have always liked talking to Americans," he said. "They are frank and truthful and have always been good friends of the Korean people."

I promised to visit the Korean Santa at least once more before I returned to the United States. But, unfortunately, the pressure of my work never gave me the opportunity to return to the solitude of the little Korean hut on Kaduk.

Since my return home I have many times regretted not paying a final visit to the fine old man. I hope he is still happy and healthy on his island Shangri La.



Freedom to Agree

BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.



IT is perhaps inevitable that our overwrought and frivolous society should continue to devote much of its attention to politics, and very little to education. And this in spite of the fact that politics is nothing more than the plaything of education.

Academic activities are neither dull nor meaningless to those curious about the fate of our society and our civilization. Underpaid, underappreciated, and overworked, teachers are compensated by unique powers. They have the power, over the long term, to tailor the society they live in to their own specifications. They exercise this power constantly. Every time a legislature meets, a convention sits, an editorial is written, the teacher tastes the fruits of his own making.

All publicists — politicians, writers, and orators — express views that were midwived by intellectuals, developed by intellectuals, screened by intellectuals, and, finally, certified by intellectuals. These views are

communicated to society through the schools. They thereupon determine the thinking, and hence the activities, of all free societies. And since intellectuals don't necessarily agree on everything, except maybe McCarthy and Hitler, it is the *dominant* intellectual group which calls the tune to which society dances. We laymen certainly ought to ask ourselves, *Which* is the dominant group? What are they calling for? What does the society they want to shape look like?

IT is a dawning curiosity about these questions that has propelled the raging controversy about school policy that has grown bitter in the last few years, and in recent months particularly. The struggle will continue, and probably it will get more heated.

One point of view is basically as follows:

"Teaching is a highly specialized skill. It takes years of special training. The layman doesn't qualify to

instruct the teacher just because he has taken note of casual remarks his son makes at the breakfast table, leafed through an occasional textbook that he uses, or even because he's had an occasional chat with his teacher. You might as well license the parent to deliver a baby, amputate a leg, or graft a layer of skin because he has read Paul de Kruif in the *Reader's Digest*, held his wife's hand during labor, or expertly applied mercurochrome on a cut finger. Education is as much of a specialty as medicine."

Many of the "critics" of modern education come right back with some such statement as this:

"We live in a free society. We have the right to cast our vote in shaping our country's future. All of us are agreed that ideologies are most enduringly shaped in the schools."

As recently as August of last year, a speaker at the convention of the American Federation of Teachers said, "The next fight for freedom and democracy may be fought not on the sea or in the air or on the battlefields. The last fight for democracy may be fought in the classrooms of the world."

Faced with such arguments, and aware that when all is said and done the existence of the schools is dependent upon the satisfaction of society with their conduct and purpose, the educators have made certain verbal concessions. (There are still some die-hards, of course, some

professors who refuse to speak less than candidly. Thus, Professor Henry Steele Commager recently stated with unambiguous clarity, that "The consumer has no rights in the educational marketplace.") But most educators have acknowledged the citizen's decisive role in education policy, and there is no longer a point of friction on the surface.

UNFORTUNATELY, there is reason to believe that our educational groups have made what amounts to nothing more than a semantical concession, a strategic withdrawal that has in no way implied a surrender on the issue of whether they properly exercise a hegemony on education.

The crux of the matter lies in the educators' receptivity to what they call "responsible" criticism. Who is to decide what is "responsible" and what is "irresponsible" criticism? The educators have covered themselves: They will retain the privilege of distinguishing between the two.

To support their contention that, cooperative slogans notwithstanding, the educators have made no concessions whatever, the critics point to an impressive array of evidence:

The educational groups are pouring unseemly and vituperative abuse on lay critics. This reflects a continued unwillingness to heed the criticism of anyone outside the Fraternity. In contrast, true to their clannishness, if the critic is a

Ph.D., the educators are as a rule relatively supine. In the early thirties, for example, a small group of "frontier" (i.e. "progressive" and collectivist) educators all but accused the teaching profession of beating their mothers and starving their wives. One teacher-critic stated that "educational leadership has too much interest in the matter of pleasing boards of education." "After 150 years," said another, "American education has left us as vicious socially and as dishonest as we were before that education began." Another branded a report of a National Education Association commission as "full of pompous idealistic expressions and threadbare axioms — a shallow and spineless analysis." "The public generally has registered its loss of faith in its educational system," stated another, adding that education "must clean house of a multitude of rubbish."

THE TEACHERS listened attentively, and examined the proposals of the "frontier thinkers" who, backed by over a million dollars from the Rockefeller Foundation, inaugurated the Progressive Education Association and stumped for what they called a "new social order," based on socialism. Academic consanguinity was apparently responsible for the respectful attention given to the frontier thinkers by their fellow teachers. The impact of the PEA on education has been immeasurable.

In contrast, the denunciations of present-day lay critics whose principal grievances center around collectivism, secularism, and "progressive" education in the schools, are dismissed with spirited and categorical denunciations:

From coast to coast, the entire nation is pocked with battlefields of war against modern education. . . . These attacks are dishonest and unjustified in that they are aimed at the heart of good education. — Dean Ernest O. Melby, N.Y.U. School of Education, in the *NEA Journal*, October 1951.

Among the members of these organizations [the critics of the drift of modern education] will be found a motley assortment of bedfellows: confirmed subversives who want to destroy free public education in order to undermine our democratic way of life; selfish, unthinking citizens who don't care what they do to the schools as long as they can keep their taxes down; unreasonable parents who try to blame all of their children's shortcomings on the schools; racketeers who capitalize on the nation's legitimate concern over the education of our children and milk unsuspecting citizens for their own gain.

In addition there are sincere critics, genuinely interested in improving the schools, who unknowingly lend support to questionable groups. Among these people are spokesmen for certain religious groups who contend that public education is too "secular." — A pamphlet published by the National Commission for the

Defense of Democracy Through Education, NEA, 1952, and sponsored by the National Association of Secondary School Principals; Department of Classroom Teachers of the NEA; American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education; American Jewish Committee; John Dewey Society; Committee on Tenure and Academic Freedom, NEA; and Department of Higher Education, NEA.

The educational groups do not do all their own pleading. They have been successful in mobilizing a powerful lobby of publicists to help them assert their monopoly on public education. No less than one hundred books, pamphlets, and articles have been published in recent months scoring the critics. And they have appeared in such diverse magazines as the *American Teacher*, the *Nation*, the *American Scholar*, the *Reporter*, the *New York Times Book Review*, *School and Society*, the *Arkansas Journal*, the *Christian Century*, *Commentary*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the *Library Journal*, and *McCalls*. This last, an incredibly abusive, personal onslaught against individuals who spearhead some of these attacks against the drift of public education, was prepared in the NEA offices.

AND so we have it: Lay critics of the drift of modern education are "unjust," "insincere," "hypocritical," or a well-proportioned blend of all three; at best, they are

"unknowing." Yes indeed, says a spokesman for the educators, "the American tradition of free discussion calls for study and exploration by school boards, civic groups, interested citizens, school administrative and instructional staffs, and even by students themselves. This freedom, however, should be matched with an adequate sense of responsibility for working out solutions which will benefit the entire community."

But only the professional educators are privileged to decide, as it's worked out, just what it is that will "benefit the entire community."

The basis of most of the attacks on the drift of modern education is that the schools, or many of them at least, are promoting collectivism and secularism. As far as most educators are concerned, these charges are easily and automatically reducible to an animus on the part of the critics against "public education." At this juncture it is not only truthful but wise to admit that there *do* exist critics of public education as such. Mr. Frank Chodorov, of *Human Events*, is one of them, and he has expressed his views directly and unambiguously in a pamphlet entitled *Private Schools, A Solution to an Educational Problem*.

But by and large, the critics cherish the institution of public schooling, and they therefore seek to reform education within the framework of free public education. When they accuse many schools of promoting collectivism, then they

are only "unjust" and "irresponsible" to the extent that they have fabricated the charges that there are socialistic trends in education today.

What is incredible is not that such charges are being made, but that they should be denied. The evidence is superabundant that there has been and is a strong collectivist leaning in many national teaching associations, in many textbooks, and hence in many classrooms throughout the country. A strikingly good job of tracing collectivism in education was done in March of last year by Representative Paul W. Shafer, in a 56-page report published in the *Congressional Record*, entitled "Is there a 'Subversive' Movement in the Public Schools?"

MR. SHAFER charts the course and the influence of the Progressive Education Association, which grew out of the call by Drs. John Dewey, George Counts, John Childs, Kenneth Benne, Theodore Brameld, Harold Rugg, Willard Beatty, William Kilpatrick, John DeBoer, and many others, for a "new social order" based on a collectivist state. Its program is enunciated in Dr. George Counts' monograph, "Dare the Schools Build a New Social Order?", in his papers "Dare Progressive Education be Progressive?" and "A Call to the Teachers of the Nation," and in the *Conclusions and Recommendations of the Commission on Social Studies*, American Historical Association, 1934. These are long

and wordy, but unambiguous. The program of the frontier thinkers was developed, expanded, and publicized in the monthly journal, *The Social Frontier*, published from 1934 to 1939, and in the official journal of the Progressive Education Association, *Progressive Education*.

The platform of this group of frontier thinkers who control most of the teachers colleges in the United States, most notably the all-important Columbia University Teachers College, led British Socialist Harold Laski to gloat: "Stripped of its carefully neutral phrases, the report is an educational program for a socialist America. It could be implemented only in a society where socialism was the accepted way of life; for it is a direct criticism of the ideas that have shaped capitalistic America."

The frontier thinkers, or at any rate their ideology, made great headway. By 1937, the first yearbook of the John Dewey Society proudly reproduced a poll of 3,700 representative junior and senior high-school teachers. A few examples of teacher opinion as expressed, "True or False," on issues of public policy are as follows:

The smooth functioning of a profit economy depends upon either natural or artificial scarcity. (True, 58%.)
Production for use and present-day capitalism are incompatible systems. (True, 49%.)

Most of the 10,000,000 or more unemployed will never again find steady work at good wages in a

capitalistic society. (True, 58%.)

No person should be permitted to have an income of more than \$25,000 a year until such time as the average wage-earner receives at least \$2,000 a year. (True, 51%.)

The coal mines of the nation should be taken over by a public agency and run for the benefit of all the people. (True, 50%.)

If the best possibilities of the American tradition are to be realized, a new social order qualitatively different from private capitalism must be built. (True, 45%.)

An improved American nation will result from step-by-step advances in the socialization of the means of production and distribution. (True, 74%.)

THERE have been changes in the past fifteen years, of course. Some of the jagged edges of doctrinaire socialism have dulled. But the heart is still there, and there is incontrovertible evidence that an impressive number of teachers still hew to the collectivist line — in and out of class. The platform of the American Education Fellowship, the successor to the Progressive Education Association, as adopted in 1948, is straightforwardly collectivist. The all-powerful National Education Association, with 450,000 members and 850,000 affiliate members, has a legislative commission which has recommended: (a) *federal* aid to education, (b) *federal* aid for higher education, (c) *federal* social security and teacher retirement, (d)

federal income tax exemption of annuities and pensions of public servants, (e) *federal* funds for health and child welfare, (f) *federal* funds for nursery schools and child-care centers, (g) *federal* payments in lieu of taxes on public lands.

On the issue of secularism, the NEA and other educational organizations are unequivocal. At least to the extent that they welcomed the decision of the Supreme Court outlawing the teaching of religion in the public schools, they have recorded opposition to religion being even a *part* of public education. They have gone so far as to widely lament the most recent decision of the Court, which allows public schools to release their students for off-premise religious instruction by ministers of their own choice.

It is easy to see that the National Education Association, the John Dewey Society, the American Education Fellowship, and many other powerful and influential educational groups have a clear-cut value orthodoxy of their own. It ranges from stands on world government (most of these organizations are for it), to universal military training, the income tax, and the role of the federal government in education. At practically every level, *federal*, as distinct from state or community action, is enjoined.

THE NEA has entered into politics in the unvarnished sense: "My friends," reported Mr. Howard

Dawson, Director of the Legislative Commission of the NEA, some years back, "we have recently had some demonstrations of the power of influence of teachers working in a righteous cause. It is no accident that Lister Hill returned to the Senate. . . . It was no political accident that Claude Pepper will again sit in the halls of the United States Senate. . . . Again, my friends, it is no political accident that that not-so-distinguished Republican Senator from Oregon, Mr. Holman, will not again grace the halls of Congress. . . ."

THE teachers organizations — and the teachers in general — have decided to stand up and be counted on various controversial issues. This is clearly their privilege, provided only that they recognize that the parent has a legitimate interest and a duty to inquire into the ideologies that are being promoted and inculcated in his child. He has a right to criticize a teacher, or a text, or a school.

It is this right which, in effect, the teaching associations and their publicists have refused to acknowledge. While stressing, as above, the "right" of parents and laymen to criticize, such criticism may not be "unjust" or "insincere" or "hypocritical"; which means the layman may not criticize what the teachers are doing — except within the narrow limits of what is still considered legitimate academic controversy.

And the National Education Association, in particular, is hard at work to make it increasingly difficult for anyone to write anything about the teaching hierarchy except an encomium. With its colossal membership and patent political and social power, it is taking on all the marks of the vested interest, the supercolossal lobby. Its highly ambitious Centennial Action Program, which started last year and will last until 1957, has an appropriate motto: "Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably will not be realized. Make big plans, aim high in hope and work."

It is, in part, this program and its likely success that deeply disturbs those persons whose aspirations for America differ from those of the hierarchy of the teaching groups. A commission of the NEA recently declared that it would take "whatever action is necessary to protect teachers against practices which infringe upon their rights as citizens . . . to develop a curriculum that meets the needs of our American Society." In the light of the NEA's attitude towards those who see American society as needing something different from what the NEA wants for it, we wonder just what role is left for us after the teachers' rights have been duly "protected." It certainly won't avail us to appeal to anyone so powerless as a politician, who will owe his office to the votes of certified graduates of NEA education.

THE PUBLIC BATH

BY LEE HANCOCK

I FEEL," said Johan Stal, "like I'd just had a drink from the Fountain of Youth. I feel as though I could fly. Or as though I could lick Joe Louis in a boxing match. In short"—Johan lifted his arms skyward and stretched luxuriously—"I feel good all over."

Johan, an American youth of Finnish extraction who lives in Fairport, Ohio, had not been swallowing any of science's new miracle drugs. Nor had he just inherited a million dollars. He had simply taken a bath. Along with his sixteen-year-old sister, and his father and mother, he had gone to the public bathhouse and joined his neighbors in their bi-weekly ritual of the Finnish bath, or *Sauna*.

Of Fairport's several thousand inhabitants, a goodly number are of Finnish extraction. And wherever you find Finns, there you will find the Sauna. Here in America the Finns congregate in public baths. Back home in Finland there are some 550,000 gray, brown, or red cabins scattered all over the country. In them Finns of both sexes sit on wooden platforms next to blazing hot stoves. On top of the stoves are piles of stones. Next to the bathers

are several buckets of water. By throwing water over the stones, which have become white-hot from the heat of the stove, the bathers are able to revel in clouds of steam in temperatures which have been reported as unbelievably high as 190 degrees Fahrenheit. They beat one another with moistened birch twigs, to stimulate circulation; or scrub one another with a very stiff brush. After thoroughly cooking themselves, it is the custom for the bathers to go directly outside, sans clothes, and either roll in the snow or bathe in one of the lakes of Finland, that "thousand-laked land."

The Finns are lavish in praise of this custom. Sibelius, they say, went regularly to the bathhouse before composing his celebrated music. He found that the procedure inspired him. Finnish prowess in the Olympic games is held to be directly due to the Sauna. It keeps its devotees fit. Up until recent times Finnish women preferred to give birth to their babies in the steam rooms.

To Johan, as well as all Finnish followers of the Sauna, Americans, with their one-man tubs and habit

of locking the bathroom door, seem a lonely, somewhat anti-social lot.

MOST Swedes, who have a similar custom which they call the *Bastu*, feel the same way. One astute Swedish lady has pointed out that while an American can talk about taking a bath with the same casual indifference with which he describes the act of putting on his shoes, a Swede can't discuss the *Bastu* without getting enthusiastic.

In the cities of Sweden, provision for the *Bastu* type of bathing is connected with every swimming pool. But the little wooden bath-houses such as one sees in Finland also dot the landscape of Sweden.

Bastus are enjoyed in mixed company by families and close friends. It's frowned upon in Sweden to bathe *au naturel* with a casual acquaintance of the opposite sex. But if it's someone you've known for a long time and are on friendly terms with, it's quite all right. An ordinary *Bastu*, of the hut and stove variety, comfortably accommodates about six people. Three men and three women — of long-standing acquaintance, of course — make a congenial group.

Followers of the *Bastu* have the feeling that they've really accomplished something when they've gone through the routine of a Swedish bath. They claim it makes them feel as though they were born again. A young American reporter of Swedish ancestry avails himself

of the custom of his native country whenever possible.

"When I was a cub reporter at Marchfield, Oregon, [now Coos Bay]," he reminisced, "I used to go to the public baths all the time. Once I took a prize fighter with me, told him it was just what he needed to keep him fit. The bath was arranged with bleacher seats so that the higher you climbed the hotter it got in steam. My prize fighter friend keeled over at the fourth level and I had to carry him out. But then," the reporter concluded generously, "he wasn't a Swede."

Why are Americans so blasé about the business of bathing, while a goodly portion of the rest of the world is so enthusiastic? It can't be because Americans have more bathtubs than any other people in the world, which of course they do. They also have more automobiles. No one ever accuses the American of being casual about his car. Why should taking a bath alone, American style, be simply a somewhat boring social obligation, while the same act, with company, becomes a stimulating psychological experience?

ONE psychologist, pressed for an explanation, came up with this answer:

"The human body," he said, "is, generally speaking, a rather unlovely thing. Most of us either have too much flesh in the wrong places, or not enough in the right places.

We spend a good deal of time and money on clothes which camouflage this unhappy state of affairs. Subconsciously, most of us feel that people wouldn't even speak to us if they saw us in our natural state. The followers of the communal type of bathing get rid of this feeling. Through the whole ritual of the Sauna or the Bastu, which alternates between being stimulating and relaxing, they discover that their fellow bathers are, by and large, as unpretty as they are, and friendly besides. The mere fact that a representative section of the population will engage in friendly conversation with them while in a state of nudity probably raises their morale."

The Japanese find it hard to understand the American desire for privacy while bathing. Murasaki Jenkins, a Japanese war bride, now comfortably established in a Chicago apartment with her American husband, approves of everything in America except the bathing habits of its citizens.

"Back home," she says wistfully, "bath time was just about the nicest time there was. It was a time when the whole family was together. It was more—" she fumbled for the right word, "it was more friendly."

The Japanese, as any G.I. who has visited them can tell you, are the cleanest people in the world and the most gregarious as regards their bathing habits. A large, circular wooden tub is standard equipment in any Japanese home. One tub full

of exceedingly hot water serves the whole family. The father bathes first, then the sons. Then the women and girls. To the latter falls the job of cleaning out the tub.

This heavy usage of one tub of water becomes easier to understand when one learns that even members of the Japanese working classes often bathe two or three times a day. Further, Japanese don't really wash themselves in their tubs. They merely boil and soak, in water with temperatures as high as 120 or 130 degrees Fahrenheit. The real scrubbing, with *bran* bags and an extra bucket of water, takes place on a wooden platform next to the tub. In cold weather the Japanese take more baths than ever. It's a very good way to keep warm, always a problem in the barnlike and airy buildings of the Japanese.

As to the *bran* bags, Japanese of the old school don't use soap. They have heard that it makes the hair turn red, a belief also held by the ancient Gauls, who, having admiration for red hair, used soap for that very reason. The Japanese feel differently about it. Red is the color of the Japanese devil and they want no part of it.

Japan, too, has public baths, most of which cost only one or two cents per bath. No attempt is made to achieve privacy. Anyone who chooses can look through the latticed bars and watch the bathers.

It was the Romans, of course, who

set the precedent for the fancy type of communal bathing. Some two thousand years ago they turned baths into convivial gatherings that would make modern American cocktail parties seem tame by comparison. And they were cheap, too. In those days one could have quite a time in Rome for a quadran, or a quarter of a cent.

For that small sum one could, in addition to getting extremely clean, enjoy the company of the opposite sex and also a considerable amount of entertainment. One could play games, hear a favorite poet recite.

Ruins of those baths, found all over the Roman world, show them to have been magnificently constructed, with marble or mosaic floors, gilt bronze doors, and clerestory windows. Diocletian put 32,000 marble seats in the one he built. So beautifully fashioned were these baths that they have been an inspiration to designers of public buildings ever since. The Pennsylvania Station in New York, for instance, is, architecturally speaking, simply an up-to-date Roman bath.

TOWARDS the end of the Empire the goings-on in the baths of Rome reached such a peak that the Church Fathers issued stern admonitions. The bath, they said, was supposed to be taken for the purpose of getting clean, not for pleasure. By that time the prevalent custom of men and women bathing together had struck the early

Christians as leading to no good.

It was a point of view open to argument. Bastus were flourishing in Sweden and Saunas in Finland even then. The Norsemen point out that there has never been any indication that this practice has resulted in a lowering of moral standards in their countries. As to the idea of limiting the bath to the single function of cleansing the human body, Norsemen feel that's a sad misuse of time, roughly analogous to putting on formal evening clothes for a quiet evening at home. The idea of stepping into the bathroom alone, locking the door, removing one's clothes and immersing oneself in a tub of water for an indeterminate period of time, strikes the communal bather as a rather dull procedure. They point out that while it is possible that there are Americans who have a hilarious time performing this ritual in their lonely strongholds, they apparently never discuss it, thus practically nullifying whatever pleasure they get. A joy unshared is, after all, hardly a joy at all.

They're all for the free and easy comradeship of the public steam rooms, the friendly switching with the birch branches, the invigorating shock of the final cold plunge. There's nothing like it, they say. Americans may have 90 per cent of the bathtubs in the world, but they certainly don't have any such monopoly on the fun that can go with bathing.

Facing the Facts in Germany

By Freda Utley

CHINA was lost and the Korean war thrust upon us because a gang of Communist sympathizers and dumb "liberals" got their hands on the levers which control our public opinion and policy. Europe may be lost because the western powers are still letting passion and prejudice overrule reason, or because the American public is today as ignorant, or misinformed, about Germany as it used to be about China.

The realities of life in the "peoples' democracies" are too well known by now for the creation of another Yenan myth. However, in the case of Germany, the Kremlin has no need of such characters as Owen Lattimore, Stewart Service, John Patton Davies, Carter Vincent, Edgar Snow, E. C. Carter, and the rest of the band which served it so well in China, but has now fallen victim to "McCarthyism." All that is required to keep Europe disunited and defenseless is to pour a little oil on the smouldering embers of the fires of hatred, resentment, and distrust lit by Hitler's abominable crimes and by two world wars. In place of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Moscow now enjoys the aid

of such outfits as the Society for the Prevention of World War III, which propagates a Nazi theory in reverse (namely, that the German race, or nation, is innately wicked and aggressive, and constitutes a far greater menace than the Soviet Union or Communism). Since most people are afraid of being smeared as "pro-Nazi" if they raise their voices in favor of an enlightened and intelligent policy toward Germany, the Dictator of All the Russias can sit back and watch the apostles of race hatred and vengeance do a better job for him than the Communists are now capable of performing.

Like it or not, every sensible person knows that Europe cannot be defended unless the Germans are enlisted on our side. It stands to reason that this cannot be done so long as we continue to treat them as delinquents with inherited criminal tendencies requiring constant supervision and denied the rights and liberties which we ourselves enjoy. In a word, we must cease to apply either the old Roman adage of "woe to the vanquished," or the modern "totalitarian liberal" principle of guilt by heredity, if we are to create

a viable European defense community.

IT MUST also be realized that we cannot hope to revive, and utilize for good ends, the valor and endurance, love of country and military genius of our late enemies until we offer them a more hopeful prospect than that of serving as cannon fodder for the defense of France. The late Dr. Kurt Schumacher was voicing the sentiments of millions of Germans who are neither Socialists nor neutralists when he said shortly before his death last fall:

What we are really afraid of is that a European army would treat Germany merely as a convenient battleground on which to wage the defense of other nations. The decisive question is not how many divisions are to be stationed in Europe. It is, rather, attainment of a military conception under which Germany will be defended as an equal by united forces, the same as any other country.

German fears that their soldiers will be treated as expendable colonial troops were naturally aroused by our having coupled the European Defense Community Treaty with a "Peace Contract" which severely curtails the Federal Republic's sovereignty and perpetuates Western extraterritorial rights in Germany. Readers of the *New York Times* have been misled by the statement that "these accords admit an armed and sovereign West Germany to equality in Europe." It's not true.

The contractual agreement starts out by admitting that the retention of these rights is inconsistent with "the purpose of integrating the Federal Republic in the European Community." But immediately afterward it goes on to say that the western powers will retain such "special rights" as are "necessary in the common interest of the signatory states, having regard to the special international situation of Germany." "Common interest" is a very wide term. It would appear to include Britain's interest in shackling German industrial competition, France's aversion to German re-unification, and the prejudices of the New Dealers in the U.S. High Commissioner's entourage against free private enterprise.

NOT only do the western powers "retain the rights, heretofore exercised, or held by them, relating to the stationing of armed forces in Germany, and the protection of their security." The German taxpayer is to continue paying at least part of the cost of maintaining them in the luxury to which they have become accustomed. The houses, hotels, clubs, swimming pools and other amenities which we requisitioned for our exclusive use at the beginning of the Occupation, are not to be returned to their German owners, unless we choose, or until the Federal Republic can provide suitable alternative accommodations. Since millions of expellees, refugees

and bombed-out families are still living in huts, cellars, barracks, air-raid shelters, and former concentration camps, and since the Federal Republic is striving to provide accommodation for the escapees now flooding in from East Germany at the rate of 1500 a day, there is, of course, no possibility of its being able to provide such alternative accommodations.

The Germans are not consoled by the American High Commissioner's recently announced emergency program for building housing for the latest refugees. The sum to be provided for this purpose, including a 300,000-dollar grant from the Ford Foundation, was reported by Michael Hoffmann in the *New York Times* on March 15, 1953, to be sufficient only to provide shelter for the number fleeing into Berlin in one day. This drop in the bucket of the huge need for new housing contrasts somewhat unfavorably with the 151,000-dollar cost of each mansion built for such U.S. officials in Germany as John Patton Davies.

Thanks to poor or prejudiced reporting in the American press, it is generally assumed that we have been very generous in our treatment of Germany. It is true that Marshall Plan aid helped to set Germany on her feet and repair the ravages of dismantlement, but it also has to be noted that the West Germans have all along paid far more in occupation costs to the three western allies than they have received in American aid.

The total of U.S. aid since VJ Day amounts to three billion dollars. The total of occupation costs comes to around ten billion dollars for the same period. This sum does not of course include the billions of dollars' worth of machinery removed as reparations or destroyed; or the value of the German mines and iron and steel plants seized or "sequestered" by the French in the Saar.

WHILE West Germany is to continue providing restitution to the surviving victims of Nazi persecution, and has also undertaken to pay a three-quarter-billion-dollar indemnity to Israel, no provision is made for the restitution to the Germans of the billions of marks of private German property abroad, patents and trade marks confiscated by the allies in contravention of international law. The Federal Government also waives the right to compensation for German property looted by Allied nationals who often carted away furniture, linen, silver, pictures, and other precious objects from the houses they occupied.

Most Germans are prepared to accept such inequities as the price of defeat. A surprisingly large number admit that it is just that they should be called on to atone for Nazi crimes and for having started World War II. I found that even men and women who have suffered such grave injustice at our hands as imprisonment for years on false charges, or no charge at all, consider that "re-

sentment" is a luxury which no European can afford in this time of peril. But precisely those Germans who value liberty object most strongly to the clause in the Conventions which permits the western powers to proclaim a state of emergency and suspend the Constitutional safeguards of freedom, whenever, in their opinion, there is a threat of "subversion of the liberal democratic basic order." It is this proviso which has given valid ground for the Social Democratic plea to the Federal Constitutional Court at Karlsruhe that a treaty which invalidates the Constitution is unconstitutional.

As if to prove the justice of the German Socialists' contention that the western allies cannot be trusted not to abuse their power to disregard *habeas corpus* and other civil liberties, the British High Commissioner arrested last January seven former Nazis accused of "plotting" to subvert democracy by influencing the Free Democratic Party. They are still held in prison without trial, without seeing a lawyer, and without any evidence of any crime, conspiracy or plot against the "basic democratic order."

THE Germans are naturally wary of the term "democratic order," in view both of the ambiguity of the term and our past record. During the first years of the Occupation we equated anti-Communist with anti-democrat and pro-Nazi, and went so

far as to insist on Communist participation in local government, and on Communists being given their fair share of editorial jobs on newspapers and on the radio. Since Western government leaders often state that we want to negotiate a settlement with Soviet Russia, the cynics point out that the day might come again when anti-Communists would be regarded as constituting a threat to "the basic democratic order."

We also retain "all rights relating to Germany as a whole, including the unification of Germany and a peace settlement." This means that the Germans are forbidden to negotiate with Moscow themselves for the reunification of Germany, while the western powers are left free to negotiate a settlement with Moscow at Germany's expense. The Germans know that, given the opportunity, this is precisely what many Frenchmen would like to do, and they fear that Britain might not be averse to such a deal. So this clause is regarded as particularly obnoxious.

The above details concerning the contents of the "Peace Contract" are sufficient to show that we are still trying to have it both ways. While demanding that the Germans rearm we are also insisting on our retention of most of the Occupation privileges and powers, originally claimed as necessary for the purpose of "demilitarizing" them.

We frequently both outrage German public opinion and arouse doubts as to the sincerity of our

present anti-Soviet policy, by our insistence that old Allied Control Orders issued jointly with the Russians must be observed when it suits our convenience, but otherwise denying their validity. Take for instance the question of the seven remaining Nuremberg "war criminals" incarcerated in Spandau Fortress in Berlin, and watched over by alternating American, British, French and Russian guards. The regime at the prison is harsh and three of the prisoners, Doenitz, Raeder, and Von Neurath, are men around eighty years old, and in such poor health that they are expected to die very soon. It is at least questionable whether these old men are guilty of "war crimes," and the Germans consider that the two former admirals are being punished merely because they were patriots. Yet, whenever the German government requests either a more humane prison regime or a review of their sentences, it is told that this is impossible because the Four Power Control Council has supreme authority, and the Russians would never agree. This Control Council has, of course, been practically defunct since our break with the Soviets at the time of the Berlin blockade.

A HIGHLY respected German lawyer, Dr. Otto Kranzbuehler, wrote to me recently concerning the U.S. High Commissioner's refusal of the German Foreign Office request

that Admiral Raeder be permitted to visit his dying son last January. In his letter he says:

It is beyond me to understand the position of the late American Administration in this matter. How is it possible to believe they can recruit reliable German soldiers as allies against Russia while highly respected top soldiers like Raeder and Doenitz are held in jail under the joint guard of U.S. and Soviet troops? How can they tell the Bonn government to rearm in spite of a Control Council law prohibiting any kind of rearmament under the penalty of death and, at the same time, maintain that the Control Council is the supreme authority in Germany which alone has power by unanimous vote, to review the sentences of the Spandau prisoners? There is no logic in this position, let alone honesty or humane feeling.

The "war criminal" issue is a burning question in Germany. Over and over again I was asked by Germans in all walks of life: "How can you expect us to join you against Soviet Russia so long as you continue to hold in prison officers and enlisted men whose sole crime is having fought for their country, or having taken measures against Communist partisans which you too will find necessary in an all-out war against people who do not themselves observe international law?"

Some of the hundreds of Germans still held in prison in all three Western zones were undoubtedly guilty of atrocious crimes. But all of them will continue to be regarded

by the Germans as victims of "victors' justice" until the evidence on which they were convicted is re-examined by an impartial tribunal or by German courts. For it has been established in the case of some of the men now released that they were convicted on hearsay, double hearsay, and other questionable evidence including the intimidation of witnesses.

Anyone who thinks that Hitler's crimes justify our denial to the Germans of freedom, equality and justice under law, should at least realize that by contributing armed forces to a European army they will be sacrificing more and risking more than any other people on our side.

NO ONE can doubt that if war comes West Germany will face a fratricidal war, with the East Germans forcibly inducted into the Soviet armies and Germany once again devastated by the Red Army and our air force. The fact that next time the western powers and Soviet Russia will be fighting each other will make little difference to the Germans, who will suffer as much or more than when they were fighting us both. Moreover, unless and until we repudiate the Yalta and Potsdam agreements, German soldiers in the next war could, as Dr. Kranzbuchler points out, be put to death when captured according to "laws" we ourselves have sanctioned.

The immediate consequence of signing up with the West is to "pet-

rify" the division of Germany and to condemn twenty million East Germans to lasting Communist slavery. All the assurances given by our McCloyes, Dulleses and Conants, and by Chancellor Adenauer himself, that "the power of attraction" of a free, strong and prosperous Western community will lead to the reunification of Germany without war, sound silly or hypocritical to the Germans. Both Nazi rule and their knowledge of conditions in East Germany and in Russia itself have taught them that no people under the heel of a totalitarian dictatorship can decide its own destiny. They realize that however greatly the East Germans, or the subjects of any other "people's democracy," may be attracted by the free world, anyone who so much as expresses a desire to join it will end up in a slave-labor camp, or be executed. The constantly increasing number of people fleeing from East Germany to Berlin proves that the "power of attraction" of the West can lead only to a mass exodus of East Germans to already overcrowded and overpopulated West Germany.

The Berliners, who ought to know, believe the Soviet Empire is so constituted that a bolder Western policy could force the Russians out of Eastern Europe without war. But most Western Germans are as reluctant as we are to take such a calculated risk. They would therefore in all probability make a virtue of necessity if by abandoning present

hope of German reunification, they could win liberty and the right to self defense, together with the possibility of providing homes and work for the millions of expellees and refugees from East Germany. As things are, they feel they are being asked to "sacrifice their brothers in the East" for a very dubious mess of pottage.

AS IF to intensify their fears and dim their hopes, the Mutual Security Agency chief in Bonn announced the end of economic assistance to West Germany last November at the very time when the stream of refugees coming to Berlin was rising from hundreds to thousands a day.

To appreciate the problem constituted by the present flood of destitute refugees to Berlin, one must know that one in five of the population of West Germany is an expellee or refugee. In spite of heroic efforts made to absorb them, there remains a hard core of a million unemployed. Moreover, a large proportion of the victims of Yalta and Potsdam (expelled from their homes east of the Oder-Neisse line and from Czechoslovakia) are women and children whose husbands and fathers are either dead, or slave laborers in Russia. The four million German wounded war veterans, people crippled in air raids, and the widows and children of the fallen, swell the total of persons who have to be supported by pensions or doles to 21 per cent of the population. Direct and indirect

taxation in the Federal Republic is already so high that it cannot be substantially increased without stultifying enterprise, or reducing the German worker's standard of living below its present very low level. In West Germany a wage of 50 to 60 dollars a month is normal, with about 125 dollars a month for the most highly skilled workers. The middle-class and white-collar workers are no better, if not worse off. Taxes on such "luxuries" as coffee and tea and cocoa are so high as to put them out of reach of consumption for the majority of the population, and the per capita consumption of meat is lower than in England. Yet the Germans are told that they require no more American aid, while France, which makes no real effort to become self-sufficient, which is not overpopulated, which has some of the richest agricultural land in Europe, and has no refugee problem, continues to receive huge sums of dollar aids to balance its budget and narrow its "dollar gap." No wonder the Germans say that American policy is designed to help only those who do not try to help themselves, and fails to take account of Germany's special difficulties.

ALL this is not to say that the Germans would not rally to our side, in spite of the grim future they face as our allies, provided only that we treated them as equals and gave them something to fight for. Thanks to their sufferings under Russian occu-

pation or as prisoners of war, and to the close-up view of the "Workers' Paradise" they obtained as soldiers, the Germans have no illusions about Communism. More than any other European people on our side of the Iron Curtain, they both fear and hate it. But this knowledge and experience works both ways. Given arms and equal rights in the Atlantic community and some hope of liberating East Germany, and regaining their lost territories east of the Oder-Neisse line if war comes, there is little doubt that the Germans would become our trustworthy allies. But they know the enemy too well to imagine that anything short of an all-out effort can stem the tide of Communist aggression, much less offer any hope of liberation to the peoples of Eastern Europe.

Few Germans wish to join up with Soviet Russia in order to get their revenge on us. But if the alternative we offer is too bleak and hopeless, a majority may yet be driven, in despair, to try and save themselves by coming to an understanding with our enemies.

THE defense of what is left of the free world requires something far harder than being anti-Communist or anti-Nazi. We have got to learn to stop hating and mistrusting our former enemies if we are to meet the clear and present danger now constituted by our former allies. This requires sufficient humility on our part to recognize the fact that the

Germans are people like ourselves, and to realize that we too have sinned by our bargains with Moscow, although we've never been driven by humiliation and despair and economic pressure to follow a Hitler or a Stalin.

Unless we can forgive and forget, practice what we preach, and bury the remnants of the Morgenthau Plan, which still clutter the ground and poison the atmosphere, we shall never be able to construct a European Defense Community. And just as Americans have now to fight almost alone in Korea because we abandoned the Nationalist government of China to its enemies and ours, so we shall be called upon to bear the main burden of a war in Europe if we fail to support the Federal Republic of Germany, and help it solve its grave problems.

Recent history should have taught us the folly of denying concessions and support to a democratic and friendly Germany. German democracy was destroyed twenty years ago because we refused to the Weimar Republic the rights which Hitler extorted from us. Dr. Adenauer and his government have given abundant evidence that they represent a Germany ready and willing to join our side in the struggle against totalitarian tyranny. Are we going to permit them to be undermined, as Chiang Kai-shek was undermined, by those who willingly, or unwittingly, help the Communists by false reports of German realities?

NEW IDEAS ON HOW LANGUAGE BEGAN

BY JOSHUA WHATMOUGH

THE TALES in which the birds and beasts talk to one another, or to their more distant human kindred, are charming. But their conversation is not convincing; it is just too human. There are many tall stories, too, to account for that major mundane mystery. How did talking begin at all? One guess, made only a year or two ago by a distinguished linguist, was that language was invented for the purpose of lying. But this won't do. Language, even the most "primitive," ceases to function once the truth is not expected. Far nearer the mark is Bertrand Russell's dictum, that it speaks well, on the whole, for the veracity of human parents, that their children ever learn to talk at all.

It takes a good deal of courage to venture on this subject. It also requires some effort of imagination. But within the last few years light has come from an unexpected quarter; and this exciting new knowledge about language and its

structure has turned imagination in a new direction. It is, of all people, those down-to-the-last-minute fellows, the electronic experts, men like Mandelbrot, Shannon, and Gabor, under the inspiration of mathematicians such as Szilard, Wiener, and Brillouin, who have opened new vistas down which to contemplate this ancient problem. It would not be true to say that what they tell us is all that we know; and certainly they did not set about to find an answer to the question. But what had been believed to be empiric fact, on the ground of purely linguistic studies, has been given mathematical support, so that we now have a theoretical deduction of what had been only an empiric law. This has come about through work on communication, especially the work of telephone engineers, who have found ways of giving precise quantitative descriptions of common-sense notions about language.

ALL LANGUAGE is symbolism, from everyday conversation to profound philosophical discussion. A symbol is a surrogate; it is not something directly experienced, in the first place, as a sign may be, but refers indirectly to the content of expression. Thus the word "rain" is not rain, for we can talk about rain without getting wet; we can present "rain" when the sun is shining and not a single raindrop is falling. Water dripping from the trees is a sign of rain; the word "rain" is a symbol of rain. Moreover, the whole collection of symbols that go to make a language is something that is kept up by the contact of people, and by their reactions upon one another; it is a social affair. In other words its symbolism depends upon conventions. These conventions are learned in early childhood by imitating those who can already speak. There is nothing in the nature of things that gives to words, any more than to mathematical symbols, the meanings they have — that is something we have given them, by spoken or unspoken agreement, so that the symbol acquires a certain arbitrary character.

This linguistic symbolism is highly systematic in the structure and pattern of the symbols themselves, and in their arrangements. It just does not do to break the rules of the game, and substitute speech-elements at random — that way you get something like the babbling of a child who has not yet learned the pattern,

or of the mentally deranged who have lost it. The systematization of linguistic symbolism is in fact so highly developed — and this is where the new discovery comes in — that it is found to be a matter of statistical regularity, amenable to the calculus of the probabilities of choices. What had been suspected by language students has, in short, now received a mathematical proof.

That all languages show, upon detailed analysis, a highly regular pattern has been a matter of observation for a long time. The story is always the same: Sanskrit or Gothic or modern English, Cree or Navaho, Maori or Siamese, Aleut or Chinese, whatever pattern a language uses, it uses consistently and systematically. In English, if you begin a word with *th-* you may continue with *r* (as in *through*), but no English word begins with *thl-* (if you find *thlipsis* in your English dictionary at all, you will find that it is a Greek medical term). Or again, there are established sequences of words, as *before this* and not *this before* (there are only a few archaic survivals of the order, such as *hereto, thereafter*); and the preposition is followed by certain forms, and those only, in the pronoun, as *before us* and *with us* (not *before we* or *us with*).

WHAT sometimes gives an impression of disorder or freedom of choice is the large number of permutations and combinations that

comparatively small numbers of speech sounds, word forms, and word orders permit. Out of forty or so speech sounds (a very restricted number of all that are humanly possible), and within the restricted patterns of a language, all the words of the dictionary are shaped, all the variations of sentence-types listed in its grammar fall, and all the pronouncements of the philosopher, the statesman, the novelist, the poet and the playwright are fashioned.

The empiric law says that in regard to all speech elements frequency of occurrence multiplied by a measure of conspicuousness is constant. This principle also assumes economy of effort. The very fact that quite simple-minded people can and do use language quite effectively for their purposes is an indication of both of these factors.

Actual talking is a muscular activity; but a language as a whole, of which the talking is an outward manifestation, is a code. The language, that is to say, is encoded by the speaker and decoded by the hearer as a neural activity, both processes being very remarkable achievements. Just how the coding is performed we do not know; the most elaborate electronic controls (for example, anti-aircraft firing mechanisms) are but crude analogies, perhaps not even that. But we do know that nervous impulses are transmitted with extremely brief intervening pauses, rather like bullets fired from a machine gun. After each

impulse there is a pause for recovery.

THE PROBLEM, then, is to show that linguistic structures, characterized by regularity of pattern, by probabilities of choice, are adapted to word-coding with a minimum of effort. We may define language objectively, therefore, as a body of physically discrete events, in the sequence of which relations of similarity (for example, a repeated word) occur in a statistically definable pattern. The physical units are matched to corresponding nervous events in the brain — that is, responses — in a way that reduces what is on the face of it a stupendous and incredibly astonishing feat of comprehension or symbolization to a task of which a rather dull adult or even a child is easily capable, so that they can make this powerful instrument serve, within their own limits, all their needs.

But this instrument may, with suitably endowed brains, also accomplish the artistry of a Newton or of a Shakespeare. It would appear that all this is possible only by the peculiar device of recombination and permutation of a small number of distinctive linguistic features, which the human organism learns early in life to recognize and to reproduce. This much was familiar to the ancient atomists. Lucretius was fond of the fanciful illustration that *ignis*, "fire," was produced from *lignum*, "firewood," by the subtraction or addition of certain elements!

WE HAVE indeed still some questions to ask. How did the human brain and vocal mechanism develop in such a way as to make language not only possible but even indispensable? The impulses that led to the evolution of man led at the same time step by step to the evolution of language. Upright posture, the freeing of the hands and arms, getting the tongue away from the throat, the development of binocular vision and the emergence of the entire frontal area of the brain, led to new powers of apperception and designation — that is, to linguistic symbolization of objects, events, and qualities in the external world (mass and velocity, space and time, form, color, texture) which is a specifically human attainment. Moreover, many of these objective qualities and the subjective abstraction of them, not to mention such higher-level abstractions as freedom and justice, and their opposites, cannot be “handled” — that is, symbolized and given a meaning — without the help of language.

But it still requires an effort of imagination to see how convention arose. Once it was established, the rest followed inevitably. Let us imagine, then, a class of subhuman beings using, as animals do, noises produced in their throats as an emotional outlet in the presence of urgent need, say some sudden danger. One of them, *A*, sensing peril, emits such a cry; *B*, who is quick on the

uptake, goes off with *A* to safety; but *C* is deaf, and is lost; *D* takes the cry to mean all hands to battle-stations, and he, too, is eliminated; *E* has a slow mind and never associates the cry with danger. He likewise vanishes. Here is a survival of the fittest at work. But the families and associates of *A* and *B* now have the opportunity to learn the cry and its meaning.

THERE would be a great deal of trial and error both here and at later stages of the newly evolving symbolism. For it is not until *B* and *a* and *b* and *X* and *Y* and *Z* can repeat the cry, *and with the same meaning, when the danger is not there*, that convention and the pro-presentative power of language are established. By degrees new items will be added to the “vocabulary,” and those who possess them will have an enormous advantage over others of their class, and so live them down. Which is perhaps the reason why our non-human ancestors have not survived!

These first cries may have been imitative, or may have been so in some cases and not in others. But so long as they remain imitative, they are not symbolic or strictly linguistic. It is true, but this is a very different matter, that language once invented is handed down generation after generation by imitation, not by reproduction. Indeed, it is this very fact that leads to variation, which, beginning as free

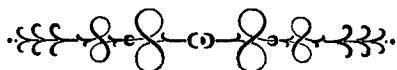
variation among individuals, tends to become standardized, and so evolves into those historical changes which are seen, for example, in the relation of English to German and of both to Gothic, and of Gothic to Latin or Sanskrit, and so on back to a common source called "Indo-European." The striking thing about historical variations is the regularity with which they are carried through. Any innovation, once it has been selected out of manifold possibilities, is made part of the system and the equilibrium of the system is thus maintained.

Mathematical formulae have been worked out by communication engineers which give both experimental and theoretical data on the statistics of words as well as of speech-sounds. The most exciting thing about one of these is that it corresponds to the famous second law of thermodynamics, which is concerned with entropy or increasing disorder. In the case of language it is, so to speak, a "negative" entropy, and thus a measure of order. As Schroedinger puts it, "the device by which an organism maintains itself at a fairly high level of orderliness . . . really consists in continually sucking orderliness from its environment" (*What is Life?* p. 75). Language is not an organism, but an activity of organisms, and it adapts itself to continually changing demands made upon it by its environment. Otherwise we could never

say anything new. In one sense change in language is change in culture. Latin has become French and Italian and Spanish step by step with all the social, economic, and political changes of 2,000 years.

BUT, whatever type and structure a language employs, as inflexional in Latin or "analytical" in English, it carries out that structure and type consistently. Presumably, and the mathematical theory of communication points to the same conclusion, this has always been so, as a necessary condition of the very possibility and effectiveness of linguistic symbolism. Presumably also, therefore, the same feature was present, in a rudimentary way, already at the very birth of language. Out of a welter of possibilities, correspondingly vague in precision of significance, a few were selected for precise symbolism of a limited kind. In time their number was enlarged, new ones are still being added, others discarded. This same process of selection is inherent in all linguistic history; but it is combined with historic change or variation.

These two principles keep the instrument in order. It is *Selective Variation* that created and maintains linguistic equilibrium. This theory puts the matter almost in Darwinian terms both as to the evolution of language and as to its subsequent development all through its long and varied history.



They Watch the *Helix Aspersa*

By JOE DiGIOVANNI

THE MEMBERS of the Yattendon Cochleological Group, also known as the British Society of Snail Watchers, are students of the *Helix aspersa*. They watch snails the way bird-watchers watch birds.

This is a piece of information that is likely to cause smirking and the raising of eyebrows among non-watchers who are unfamiliar with snails. But as a matter of fact, snails are pretty interesting critters.

For example, did you know that the African snail can eat a whole head of lettuce in one meal? Or that nature provides snails with their own tarmac—a sticky substance that they spread beneath themselves to hold them fast to a surface when the elements make the going tough? Or that the snail's eyes are contained in the upper two of the four horns on its head?

But the most amazing thing about snails is that, after their first year, they can change their sex as they please. In that first year every snail is a male. But from then on, the snail's sex at any particular time depends on its mood. This, incidentally,

makes for a very high birth-rate, since all snails can become mamas.

The British Society of Snail Watchers, which has members in several lands, was started in September 1945 in the small town of Yattendon in Berkshire, England. It was founded as a result of the sudden interest a Mr. and Mrs. Henniker-Heaton took in snails during a stay with friends in that town.

Strolling along a quiet road on a rather moist day, the Henniker-Heaton couple came upon a sight that stopped them in breathless amazement—a roadside bank covered with snails, whose shells with their various colors gleaming looked like a fabulous collection of beautiful, expensive gems.

Later, the still-enchanted couple described this phenomenon to their host and hostess; and in the enthusiastic discussion that followed, the four of them decided to found the Yattendon Cochleological Group.

This group started to grow almost as soon as it was formed. The founders were amazed to learn that a

great number of persons were interested in becoming snail-watchers. Today the society's membership is represented in the United States, China, Greece, Sweden and France, among other countries.

THE MOTTO of the society is *Semper Domi*, meaning "Always Home." It is based on the fact that the snail, with its shell, is never homeless.

Among the interesting things about snails are the names of some of the thousands of species; such as the hind-gilled snail, the two-hipped snail, the harp, the silky snail, the ruddy, and the two-toothed door snail.

Then there is the one called the prickly snail, which is noted for its ability as a parachutist. When it wants to get down from a tree, the prickly snail boards a leaf that is ready to fall, and floats down to

earth on it. In doing this, the prickly snail probably travels many times as fast as any snail can on its own power. The speediest of snails can cover about thirty feet a day.

It is things like this that fascinate the snail-watchers. And this fascination is one of the two reasons why the members of the society carry on a steady campaign to induce people everywhere to become snail-watchers.

The other reason is a far more weighty one: The members of the British Society of Snail Watchers sincerely and firmly believe that humans can benefit considerably by thoughtfully observing the behavior of the snail — especially in this hectic, nervous, jittery age in which mankind is forever rushing helter-skelter from one chaos to another. The snail, they point out, goes its slow, serene, sure, methodical way, and always manages to do all right for itself.



The Famous Senate Restaurant *Bean Soup Recipe*

» Take two pounds of small Navy Pea Beans, wash, and run through hot water until Beans are white again. Put on the fire with four quarts of hot water. Then take one and one-half pounds of Smoked Ham Hocks, boil slowly approximately three hours in covered pot. Braise one onion chopped in a little butter, and, when light brown, put in Bean Soup. Season with salt and pepper, then serve. Do not add salt until ready to serve. (Eight persons.)

How Long Is Your Hair?

By RICHARD F. TRUMP

HERE are a few long-haired terms that still don't appear regularly in the comics or the quiz programs. To learn how you rate, select the best-matching answer for each term. Then (and not until then) check with the answer list. If you get 'em all right, better go to the barber!

1. A *penumbra* is part of a —
(a) calculating machine, (b) atom,
(c) blood cell, (d) sun spot.

2. An *epistemolog*, if any, would be interested in — (a) the history of art, (b) origin of knowledge, (c) ancient costumes, (d) decorative writing.

3. *Fission* is a term recently borrowed from biologists by — (a) aircraft designers, (b) atomic scientists, (c) milliners, (d) corporation lawyers.

4. *Odontalgia* is another name for — (a) toothache, (b) allergy to eggs, (c) laziness, (d) scurvy.

5. The *categorical imperative*, if you take it seriously, will affect mainly your — (a) diet, (b) choice of music, (c) ethics, (d) installment buying.

6. *Macaronic* means — (a) starchy, (b) feeble-minded, (c) jumbled, (d) nutritious.

7. *Circle of confusion* would be least confusing to — (a) chess players, (b) psychiatrists, (c) chemists, (d) photographers.

8. *Pragmatism* pertains to your — (a) philosophy of life, (b) civil rights, (c) circulation, (d) profile.

9. The *phylogenetic theory* helps explain — (a) spiritualism, (b) slang, (c) mystery clues, (d) your prehistoric ancestry.

10. *Sostenuto* is a musical term that means — (a) slower, (b) faster, (c) rest until further notice, (d) pay no attention to the maestro.

ANSWERS: 1, (d); 2, (b); 3, (b); 4, (a);
5, (c); 6, (c); 7, (d); 8, (a); 9, (d); 10, (a).

Seashore Oddities



By VANCE HOYT

THE seashore, ancient cradle of all life, is a unique world unto itself, replete with many curious and fascinating creatures. They are the underwater relics of Old Mother Nature's first brood, still unweaned and rocked by the ceaseless tides of the mighty seas.

Though lowly in the eyes of man, who still carries the salt of the ocean in his own blood, they are none the less ages-wise in the art of long survival. The microscopic protozoa, shell-forming animals, and the rock-forming diatoms — one-celled plants that collectively form the drifting mass of organisms known as plankton — served as the first sea food for the vast hordes of living things to follow. Plankton is still the staple food of the sea, for amoeba and for whale.

Other minute unicellular water plants of the world's first food supply are the scum-forming algae which cause the seas to turn red in patches by day and phosphorescent at night, fish to shine with a blue-green light, and the wakes of boats to glimmer luminously, like the tails of comets. Even the shifting wet sand beneath

one's feet may sparkle with points of light for a yard or more. Some of the tiny plant forms, such as the dinoflagellates of the *Alex* group, secrete a deadly nerve toxin which causes what is commonly known as mussel poisoning, from eating shellfish certain times of the year along the shores of California and in some places on the East Coast.

Have you ever seen on the beach what you thought was a mouse? It was perhaps an Aphrodite, a segmented worm which constructs the calcareous tubes found abundantly on the rocks, seaweed and pier pilings. As it scurries about at surprising speed, it looks like a mouse with a covering of long felt-like fibers projecting through strong bristles. Its coat is beautifully iridescent, giving the beastie a weird and startling appearance.

The palolo, another sea-worm, lives in the coral reefs of the South Seas. It lays its eggs on the surface of the water, where they can incubate in the sun. In order to do this, it disjoints its tail, which wiggles upward and bursts, scattering the eggs on the top of the water.

THE female of the species *Bonellia viridis* carries around inside her not one, but several tiny comma-shaped males. With a body about the size of a walnut and a proboscis nearly a yard long, this creature looks like anything but a worm.

The "lasso worm" however, is the most curious of the lot. When coiled up on the bottom of the sea it looks like a hunk of liver. But as some small fish ventures near in hope of a tasty tidbit, the worm darts out like a cast lariat and coils itself around the dupe, literally crushing it to death.

Where there are kelp beds near the shore, sand hoppers are plentiful. These little gammarids burrow in the strands and spin tubes within which they lie in wait for prey. One species sews up the margin of kelp fronds to make tubular nests. The males of another have the curious habit of carrying the females around on their backs at the time the eggs are deposited.

Although the sponge is an animal and one of the simplest forms of life, it possesses that rare thing, eternal growth. It never grows old and may in time attain a huge size, large enough to hold more than 200 gallons of water.

There are more than 6,000 species of sponges, and their ability to survive is amazing. Cut into tiny bits and squeezed through a silk bag under water, they still are able to unite their cells and live. Purple and green sponges have been pulverized

under water and mixed into a sort of mash. In a few days, however, the mixture will separate into two masses, with the respective cells collecting again into two distinct sponges, one purple and one green.

Members of the *Coelenterata* group, such as the hydroids, jellyfish, and sea anemones, are some of the oldest and most interesting forms of life. The hydroids reproduce by budding and look exactly like plants. Always stationary, they capture their prey as it comes to them.

IF THE quarry should prove large enough to offer resistance, the hydroid will set in action a barrage of poison darts from the nettle cells of its tentacles. Each of these cells contains a capsule which bears at one end a long, spear-headed thread. Like cast harpoons, these threads are shot forth, piercing the skin of the victim and paralyzing it into inactivity. Then the tentacles reach out, seize the hapless one, and draw it into the mouth part.

Some jellyfish grow to monstrous size, measuring seven feet in diameter and 120 feet in length. They all possess tentacles up to two feet in length and powerful enough to penetrate the human skin. Most surf bathers know well the smarting, red splotch a jellyfish can inflict!

Some jellyfish, such as the purple-striped species, are very beautiful. At night it may appear as a great luminous ball of light floating upon

the surface of the water. It is shaped like an umbrella, under which small fish dart for protection in times of danger. This is strange, as jellyfish are carnivorous. Fishermen call them "cat's eyes," for in the water they appear like the glaring optics of a feline. Jellyfish consist of about 99 per cent water and live no longer than one year.

Sea anemones are also called "animal-flowers" because of their plant-like appearance; but no plant has ever been known to pick up a stone and throw it at an enemy. When disturbed, some sea anemones "shoot" stones by forcing them out through their mouths by the constriction of their bodies.

A close relative of the sea anemone is the sea pansy. It can always be found in shallow water or at low tide by digging under the little horse-shaped marks that are seen in the sand. It is luminescent, and if a colony is disturbed at night, a wave of bluish light will be seen to run over the upper surface of the colony, starting from the point that is stimulated. All these creatures are found abundantly in the tide-pools along rocky shores and strands alike. They are hardy and can be kept easily in a salt water aquarium.

SEA URCHINS, sometimes known as sea eggs and sea porcupines because of their appearance, are globular or disc-shaped animals covered with hundreds of spines or thorny arms. Their skeletons are not truly

calcareous but composed of separate plates joined together and called *tests*, not shells. They live in cavities in the hard rocks, which they excavate with their tiny teeth as they turn around and around. In this way they fit the cavities to the exact size of their bodies.

Of the many seashore oddities, the starfish is one of the most highly specialized animals in body structure and function. It has no brain but a triple nervous system which consists of three nerve rings around the mouth, from which nerve fibers control respectively the functions of locomotion, sight, and smell. Each of these nerve systems works independently of the other.

Nor does the starfish possess a rear or fore end, as its shell consists of five or more arm-like rays, radiating out from a central disc which opens into a loose, baggy stomach that extends to the tips of the hollow rays. These are equipped with a double row of little tubes that end in suckers that serve for feet and for securing food; and any one of the five "arms" and "legs" can function separately as a head or tail, according to the direction in which the individual wishes to move.

This is possible because the tip of each ray is supplied with a little red eye and a sense organ of smell. Thus the starfish sees and smells its prey, which consists of young clams, oysters and mussels, and directs its course accordingly. But if some object should impede its progress, one

of the arms will immediately rise, and if nothing blocks its way, its eye will become the guiding head and the animal will move off in the direction the arm is pointing.

But the most singular thing about the starfish is its stomach. As a gastronomic freak, it possesses the ability to turn this organ inside out through its mouth onto its prey, which is held securely by its many tube-like feet, and thereby digest its food outside its body when such food is too large to be taken in through the mouth.

THE mollusks range in size from tiny shellfish to the giant clam *Tridacna* of the South Pacific, which is large enough to trap a man and weighs as much as 400 pounds. The clam, however, is no less spectacular in the dispersal of its young. Mother clams literally shoot their young at passing fish, to which they fasten themselves by tiny hooks. Hence they are carted about for eleven weeks or so, living off the food they get from the body of their hosts. If they should miss the fish they sink to sea-bottom and perish.

Because the geoduck, or the "quenux" of the Puget Sound Indians, looks like a picked duck with a neck several feet long but minus head and legs, and has the alertness of a land-animal and the habits of a fish, it has been called the "terrestrial bird." But the geoduck is neither fish nor fowl. It is just a big clam that desires nothing better

than to be left alone to its quiet and strange mode of living.

The geoduck establishes itself in the soft sand, three or four feet beneath the surface of the shallow beach, where, except at low tide, it is always covered with water. The neck remains above the surface of the silt an inch or two to draw in the sea water containing its food. During low tide the tip of the siphon can be seen, and occasionally a jet of water is expelled.

Unlike the "horse clam," its near-rival in size, the geoduck cannot, because of its large size, withdraw completely within its shell, depending entirely upon its depth in the sand for protection. Nevertheless, it has become so adept in the art of eluding the creatures that prey upon it, that the least vibration of the sand some distance away will cause it to retract its siphon.

Like grunion hunting, geoduck hunting is an exciting seashore sport on the Pacific Coast in some localities. The creamy flesh of the big clam when cooked tastes surprisingly like duck.

EVEN the lowly oyster knows a thing or two. The creature can even be taught. In France they have schools for oysters. Newly dredged oysters that are to be transported long distances are trained to keep their shells closed longer than they would otherwise, by exposing them to the air at lengthened intervals. Likewise, Irish fishermen have been

able to use oysters as living mouse-traps in their shacks. They are scattered around, and when a mouse sticks his nose or foot into a half-opened shell, the oyster closes on it.

None of the seashore animal curiosities, however, is more unique in its habits and interesting to watch than the crustaceans. The little shrimp, *Artemia*, has been known to live six months without air; while another species can live only in the heavy salt concentration of the Dead Sea and the Salt Lake of Utah. One type of snail literally "flies" through the ocean depths by flapping its wing-like structures. The crayfish, *Cambarus diogenes*, builds a chimney above the ground so that it may safely view the landscape from the top of its lookout tower and still be able to drop back into its hole and the water it contains. And like the starfish, the lobsters and crabs can disjoin any member of their body when injured or caught in some object, and grow a new one.

There are many lobsters and crabs of various colors and sizes, from the small "daddy long legs" of the ocean to the giant spider crab off the coast of Japan, which measures more than eleven feet between the tips of its outstretched claws. The lobsters have five pairs of legs, with the first developed into powerful pincers, and possess compound eyes and ear organs on the back side of the first joint of their long feelers. The crabs have ten true legs, with abdomen, or tail, curled under their bodies. Lob-

sters have been known to bury food by covering it with sand and then sit on the mound to protect their cache from all comers.

The fiddler crab has one claw larger than the other and uses it as a fighting weapon. Two males will approach each other, and extending their big claws, will clasp their tips like men shaking hands. Then each will try to break off his opponent's claw-arm by a sudden twist. Nor do they cease with their contest until the weapon claw of one is ripped from its body with a tearing sound.

ALTHOUGH not a true crab, the hermit crab is often seen crawling about tide pools, half-hidden in some old gastropod shell which he has taken over for a home. If disturbed, he will block the opening of the shell with his claws. But as he grows in size he will be forced to seek a larger abode.

The lovely sea anemone, which is able to move only at the rate of an inch a day, sometimes attaches itself as a hitch-hiker to the shell in which the crab lives. The association is agreeable to the crab, as the stinging tentacles of the anemone offer protection from his natural enemies.

Neither is the horseshoe crab, found along the Atlantic Coast, a true crab. It is a predecessor of the scorpions and spiders, adapted to marine life; a "living fossil" that dates back some 130 million years. In fact, the species is so old the female has long since lost all faith in her spouse.

When she comes out on the beach in late spring to deposit her 10,000 packets of eggs, she carries the male around on her back to be sure he'll be on hand to fecundate them. This crab-like creature is found so abundantly in certain localities that it is used for fertilizer and poultry food.

Although a wolf-fish recently attacked a child on a California beach, the sting ray, or "stingaree" is the only denizen of the strands to be feared by the bather. It lies half buried in the sand along shore, ready and anxious to drive the barbed spine of its tail into anything that comes near it. This spike is used for securing food and also as a weapon. Spearing a passing fish, this flounder-like demon floats along until it has eaten its luckless prey alive. If a man should be snagged on the heel while bathing, putrid fish flesh on the barb is likely to infect the wound. Some germicide, such as a two per cent solution of iodine, should be applied immediately and the foot soaked in hot epsom salt water to relieve the pain and inflammation.

Now and then a huge hunk of flesh of a tough, fibrous nature is washed ashore to arouse speculation among laymen and scientists alike as to its identity. It may have come from the *Castrostromus baida*, a monster that is all portable mouth, like a steam shovel; or *Eurypharynx Pelacanoides*, who is also mostly mouth, and has a string of luminous lights along its side like portholes. If

the mass has hair on it, it is probably from the oatfish, which has a flaming mane like a horse. This true sea serpent grows to twenty feet in length, looks like a huge snake or eel, and has a high, flaming-red dorsal fin that rears up from its head.

Or, most likely, the flesh is part of a dead whale or a giant squid. This monster mollusk has a distinct head bearing ten muscular arms or tentacles over forty feet in length, each equipped with suction cups the size of dinner plates with a retractable hook on each. Like the giant octopus, its cold and staring eyes, over fifteen inches in diameter, are frightful things to behold.

Certainly no other form of ocean life has such an efficient and modern means of locomotion as the giant squid, which may weigh many tons; for the squid is the world's first jet submarine. For power, it uses the ocean water which is drawn into its torpedo-shaped mantle by rhythmical constrictions and then expelled through the funnel, or jet, beneath its neck, causing it to move in the opposite direction. It can take off in a sudden burst of speed and direct its course by simply bending the funnel to one side. If pursued, it lays down an inky screen in the water, à la octopus.

Truth to tell, the seashore is a fascinating world of many strange and ancient forms of life that can be more interesting to observe than bathing beauties, suntan enthusiasts, or even beach athletes.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

BY FRANK MEYER

WHEN a great historian, who has descended into the arena of current political controversy, finds it as difficult to recognize the spiritual treasure borne by his own civilization as do so many publicists and journalists of our era, it is cause for deep concern. Arnold Toynbee is a great historian. In the six volumes of his *A Study of History* there are literally hundreds of brilliant insights into the relations of men and societies in the past. His over-all view of history is a magnificent conception, however imperfect it may be — and as any work so ambitious must of necessity be. But in the last few years he has become a sort of minor prophet, pontificating regularly on the issues of the day. His latest book, *The World and the West* (Oxford, \$2.00) is of a piece with these journalisms, even though it is put forward as an introductory presentation of a section in the forthcoming Volume VIII of *A Study of History*.

Because of the tone in which it is written and because of the circumstances of its publication, however, *The World and the West* must be judged primarily as a contribution to current political discussion. These

chapters were first delivered as a series of lectures over the BBC; the series has been repeated this spring over the American radio; and parts have been published in this country as magazine articles. As a matter of fact, it is just as well that Mr. Toynbee's historical reputation is not judged by *The World and the West*. Previously it has been cause for regret that his contemporary journalism was not tempered by his historical understanding. If this book is in any sense a sample of the concluding portion of his major work, it would now seem that his political prepossessions have begun to adulterate his history.

This is, of course, no ordinary political pamphlet. It is not written as though to make a point. But all Mr. Toynbee's authority, all his historian's reputation for objectivity, his panoramic theory of great civilizations in growth and mutual influence, are most disarmingly and subtly brought to bear to create in the reader's mind an overwhelming argument for neutralism. Not overtly. There are no stated conclusions as to what the policy of the West should be, no arguments for world government such as Mr.

Toynbee has advanced elsewhere in recent years. Indeed, much of the discussion of the encounters that have taken place in history between one civilization and another is in itself most valuable. It is rather from the tone in which he discusses Western civilization and from his blank ignoring of the characters of Russian society, that the reader is invited to draw conclusions.

Olympian Neutralism

Since for four and a half centuries "the West has been the aggressor," we must see the "West's alarm and anger at recent acts of Russian and Chinese aggression" simply as our reaction to a new and strange experience. We must not be self-centered. It all depends on the point of view. Russian autocracy is "one of the main difficulties, *as we Westerners see it*, in the relations between Russia and the West today. The great majority of people *in the West* feel that tyranny is an intolerable social evil . . . our present anxiety about *what seems to us* to be a post-war threat to the West from Russia is a well-justified anxiety *in our belief*." (My emphasis — F. M.)

What has happened to the historian Toynbee, who in his earlier writings saw something so spiritually precious to humanity in the Western Christian view of history and the eternal as a drama of freedom, that he thought it possible that the West, unlike previous civilizations, had the potentiality of survival where

they had died? In his present thinking, is freedom precious only from our narrow parochial viewpoint? So it would seem, from a reading of this book.

Then, with the value of freedom identified by implication with our egotistical love of our own institutions, the argument goes on to excuse Soviet tyranny over the minds of men as an understandable historical reaction to the invasions of Russia by the Mongols in the 13th century and the Swedes in the 17th century, not to say those of Napoleon and Hitler. The scales between the Soviets and the West have been brought into the quivering balance that neutralism demands.

There is much merit to Mr. Toynbee's analysis when he deals with the contact of the West with such great and ancient civilizations as those of Islam, India, and the Far East. Both our culture and theirs will be bound to become enriched in peaceful contact, once we meet on deeper ground than the material and technological. Such a process has been beginning and its possibilities are great. But is it not rather odd to parallel Soviet Communism with these, as though it too were just such a rich and ancient culture? Has Mr. Toynbee forgotten his own brilliant comparison of the totalitarian societies of Sparta and medieval Turkey with planned Utopias and with the actual societies of the bees and the ants?

Somehow, he has never been able

to see Soviet Communism for the totalitarianism it is. He always seems to be striving for historical explanations which will conjure away the ugly thing. In this latest book, Communism is a Christian heresy, originating as a "Western criticism of the West's failure to live up to their own Christian principles in . . . economic and social life." Does it take the tragic suffering of a Whittaker Chambers or the common sense of a non-intellectual to put this thirty-year-old canard to rest? A moment's blinker-free reflection should show to an historian of Mr. Toynbee's vision that Communism is not a Christian doctrine which errs in overemphasizing the social and economic in trying to apply Christian principles to life. The essence of Communism is not to be found in the social or economic sphere, but in the realm of morals and the spirit. Communism is the direct opposite of the Christian and Western faith in the individual. It is the worship of society and of those who speak in the name of society, and the reduction of human beings to meaningless cells of a monstrous organism. Between these two concepts there can be no compromise.

No one can quarrel with the historian who attempts to see such colossal clashes in the perspective of the long range of history; but as a human being, and an influential one, living in such an age of struggle, Arnold Toynbee has to choose between these concepts of life.

Made in America

This Olympian detachment from the values of our society is a widespread disease today; and among Americans there is a common variation of it, consisting specifically of depreciation of American institutions and of the destiny of the United States. Daniel J. Boorstin's *The Genius of American Politics* (University of Chicago, \$3.25) is good medicine for this disease. He begins by accepting what he sees around him — that we have inherited a free society in an age of tyranny — and proceeds to consider the reasons for that freedom by analyzing that society as it is, without bias.

"American democracy," he says, "is unique. It possesses a 'genius' all its own. By this I mean what the Romans might have described as the tutelary spirit assigned to our nation at its birth and presiding over its destiny. Or what we more prosaically might call a characteristic disposition of our culture." From the "wisdom of allowing institutions to develop according to the needs of each particular environment" and the combination of this practical political sense with a deep respect for tradition, we have developed "our idea of constitutional federalism, without which our great union would have been impossible." These principles of political life have saved us "from the imbecilities, the vagaries, and the cosmic enthusiasms of individual men."

It is because of them that America has thus far avoided so many of the pitfalls of modern history. "In our own age (and at least since the French Revolution of 1789), more and more of the world has sought in social theory . . . a blueprint for remaking society." While, in thinking philosophically about political questions, the abstracting of principles from life may be of value, such abstraction "becomes idolatry when it provides statesmen or a people with a blueprint for their society. The characteristic tyrannies of our age — Nazism, Fascism, and Communism — have expressed precisely this idolatry." American circumstances have "nourished our refusal to make our society into the graven image of any man's political philosophy. In other ages this refusal might have seemed less significant; in ours it is a hallmark of a decent, free, and God-fearing society."

Mr. Boorstin develops his theory with a brief examination and reinterpretation of three crucial points in American history: the Puritan adventure, the American Revolution, and the Civil War. Neither the Revolution nor the Civil War had the social-revolutionary character which historians have in recent decades attempted to give them on analogy with the French Revolution. In both cases they were partly sectional — between American colonists and England, between North and South; and partly waged to answer a practical political question,

the interpretation in the first case of the British constitution as far as it affected British subjects in America; and in the second, of differing constitutional interpretations of our federal structure. In sober truth, the first was not a revolution but a War of Independence, and the second not a civil war, but a War between the States.

THE approach is refreshing and on the positive side most convincing. It might be questioned, however, whether there is not much more to be said about the continuity of that tradition which is one of the decisive factors in the American political genius with the tradition of the culture and thought of Western civilization. Furthermore, when it comes to some of Mr. Boorstin's proposals for American policy in the world today, it seems to me that he draws some rather debatable conclusions from a generally sound proposition.

It does follow from his interpretation of American history that American democratic institutions are not exportable. We can agree that this is the case, and that we do not wish to impose them on others, without agreeing with Mr. Boorstin's attack on those who believe that the only way to defend America and its institutions is to destroy the slave society of Russia. The supporters of a policy of liberation do not want to impose American institutions on Russia or Europe or Asia or anyone

else. What they want to do is to establish a foreign policy which will defend America; and they believe that a policy of aggressive political warfare directed toward the final removal of the danger is the only alternative to a long drawn-out cold war, which could be disastrous to American institutions.

The pitfall of attempting to fit the realities of American life into a preconceived theory is demonstrated by William W. Crosskey in a massive two-volume discussion, *Politics and the Constitution in the History of the United States* (University of Chicago, \$20.00). He has done a tremendous amount of research in the byways of 18th-century American history. He has succeeded in digging up a great deal of hitherto unknown material and the by-products of his labor will help in gaining a deeper understanding of the thinking of the Founding Fathers. But all this labor is directed toward an aim the absurdity of which would have been apparent if he had stopped looking at the trees for one moment to look at the woods around him.

The Constitution, he maintains, was supposed to establish a powerful, strictly national government with entirely subservient states; the men who made the Constitution had no fear of central power, no desire for checks and balances, and no interest in federalism with its "useless complexities." By a most ingenious exercise in the changing meaning of words since the 18th century, by an

assiduous examination of the most obscure, extreme, centralizing statements in the press of the time, and by a one-sided search through later constitutional history, he comes out with his proof. The whole stream of American thinking which is represented by the names of Madison and Jefferson is regarded simply as propaganda which has deliberately falsified the intent of the Constitutional Convention. *The Federalist Papers*, "properly understood, are seen to contain much of sophistry; much that is merely distractive; and some things . . . which come perilously near to falsehood. In addition, it is virtually certain that much of *The Federalist* was written only to fill up space in the New York 'federal' newspapers. . . ."

The amazing thing about this wasted exercise of scholarly powers is that, even if it were true that a substantial party held Mr. Crosskey's views at the time of the Constitutional Convention, our Constitution as it was promulgated and as it developed through the years was the result of compromises in the light of experience. The states-rights and national tendencies in American politics interacted to produce one of the great political inventions of all time. It is true that in the last twenty-five years theorists inspired by the French Revolution and the socialist trend of modern thought have succeeded in somewhat distorting it in the direction of centralized power, but so well was

the structure built that its main outlines still hold firm.

IT is a relief to turn from the labor of this enormous mountain and the ungainly mouse it has brought forth to a very brief, simple, and reasoned consideration of an aspect of the Constitution which has been under much discussion the past few years, *The American Electoral College* (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 75¢) by Roger Lea MacBride, a young man but a year or two out of Princeton. Most of the arguments for a reform of the electoral college which we hear are backed up by an appeal to majoritarian theories which are at total odds with the doctrines of limited power upon which the Constitution of our republic is based. The electoral college is attacked because it might stand in the way of the election of a President by a simple majority. But it was the House of Representatives which, in the scheme of our government, was the only organ of government which was supposed to represent the simple majority. The function of the electoral college was to provide an intermediate body of leading men through which popular pressures were to be filtered, so that the most capable candidate might be found.

Mr. MacBride, in a brief but careful historical survey, re-stresses these points and discusses the various proposals that have been made from time to time for amendment of the constitutional provisions for the

election of a President. He ends with support for the pending Coudert amendment, which would provide that one elector shall be chosen in each congressional district and two from each state, instead of the present method of election by state-wide slate.

This, he thinks, would lead to a greater flexibility in the representation of various interests and might help to make possible a return to a greater independence on the part of the electors, should the nation awake to the desirability of a "revival of the electoral college as a body to choose a President, influenced but not governed by the desires of the qualified voters." It may be questioned whether such a consummation is not equally possible under the present constitutional provisions, if and when a powerful enough urge arises to return to the basic principles of the Constitution.

Nevertheless it is most gratifying to run upon a consideration of these proposals motivated by a fundamental understanding of the American constitutional system, rather than by the shibboleths of majoritarianism which permeate the Sunday supplements and the magazines of opinion. And for a clear and succinct summary of the problems, Mr. MacBride's little book can put to shame many of his elders.

While speaking of this book, a word should be said of the excellent work being done by the Caxton Printers out in the Rocky Moun-

tains, who have been publishing a variety of books and pamphlets restressing libertarian principles. In addition to such comments on the contemporary scene as Mr. MacBride's, they have republished works like Herbert Spencer's *The Man versus The State*, and Albert Jay Nock's *Our Enemy, The State*, and have made available to American readers Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's *Liberty or Equality*, one of the most penetrating analyses of the problem of liberty to appear in many years.

Germany

A grasp of the fact that American institutions cannot be exported would eliminate much of the confusion in current discussions of foreign policy. We hear voices from all directions telling us that any German desires for institutions that are not identical with our institutions are simply disguises for the revival of Nazism. Such an approach raises false questions. The real question that we have to answer is a much clearer one: Is there a serious danger of Germany again becoming an aggressive, totalitarian power of the Hitlerite or Soviet type? This is not an academic question for Americans. Without a German alliance and German soldiers, no effective European army is possible. On our attitude about Germany, therefore, depends the practicality of holding Western Europe, both for its own strategic importance and as a vital base for

the launching of political warfare to win Eastern Europe.

Norbert Muhlen's *The Return of Germany* (Regnery, \$4.50) is a sober, careful, and thorough consideration of the state of that country. He neither avoids nor evades the problems raised by the opponents of a German alliance — the danger of neo-Nazism, of anti-Semitism, of a German-Russian "deal." In a sensitive examination of the psychological and political character of the German people he shows the degree to which all of these dangers exist; but the picture he draws gives confidence that the essence of Hitlerism is dead and that, with a chance to fight for freedom as equals, the people of the Bonn Republic will give as good an account of themselves as the heroic people of Berlin have done under their gallant mayor, Ernst Reuter.

A book like Mr. Muhlen's has been due and overdue. The air is too thick with the effluvium of propaganda tracts like T. H. Tetens' *Germany Plots with the Kremlin* (Schuman, \$3.75) and Hans Habe's *Our Love Affair with Germany* (Putnam, \$3.00). Mr. Tetens and Mr. Habe differ somewhat in their approach, but their aim seems the same: to prevent at all costs friendship with West Germany and the arming of the West Germans. Everything in both these books is directed toward this end. Arguments play on our fear of the past and ignore or glide over the danger of the present.

The horrors of East Germany are represented through rose-colored glasses or completely passed over, while the author passionately flails the dead horse of Hitlerism. We are presented with inside gossip on personalities, or with portentous revelations of secret "documents" emanating from a "geo-political" gang in Madrid, who supposedly dominate the policy of the Adenauer government.

If an objective test is needed to show the falsehood of such books as these and the truth of Muhlen's presentation, the world has had it since 1948 in the continuing existence of Free Berlin. The people of Berlin have not only fought for freedom; they have fought in the most advanced and exposed position in the far-flung battle line.

Biography and History

Among the many biographies which are appearing this spring, Heinrich von Einsiedel's *I Joined the Russians* (Yale University Press, \$4.00) throws a good deal of personal light on this German problem. A grandson of Bismarck, at the age of 21 he was captured at Stalingrad and converted to Communism. The story of his experiences with the Russians and of his gradual revulsion against Communism shows very clearly that, even in this representative of a Junker house, a fundamental love of freedom derived from his Western heritage was the factor that determined his ultimate course. His

account of Russia, of East Germany in the early days of Soviet domination, and of his own inner development, makes thought-provoking reading.

Portrait of an American: Charles G. Dawes by Bascom N. Timmons (Holt, \$5.00), although it has some of the weaknesses of "official" biography, gives a fascinating picture of Vice-President Dawes from the days of McKinley to the thirties. It breeds nostalgia for the simpler days in which he began his political career and makes one wonder if a little more of the clarity and virtues of those days would not be in order in our time. After all, as a farmer up in my part of the country said, watching an airplane overhead: "The country hain't been the same since McKinley left the Chair."

Two of the most humanly interesting artistic personalities of the late 19th century are Robert Browning and James McNeill Whistler. For different reasons, a treatment of either of them gives great scope to the biographer. Betty Miller's *Robert Browning, A Portrait* (Scribner, \$5.00) is everything one can ask. Delicate and yet trenchant, presenting the important facts, but each in the matrix of a considered and sensitive interpretation of Browning's life and his intricate relationship with Elizabeth Barrett Browning, it is a model of literary biography.

Hesketh Pearson's *The Man Whistler* (Harper, \$3.75), on the other hand, is a helter-skelter assemblage of facts and anecdotes about Whistler, largely ignoring him as an artist. As far as Whistler's personality is concerned, Mr. Pearson succeeds in the impossible; he makes the most scintillating wit of the nineties sound dull.

The Shorter Cambridge Medieval History by C. W. Previte-Orton (Cambridge University Press, 2 vols., \$12.50) is an ideal compromise between the demands of the general reader and those of the scholar. Completely rewritten from the material of the eight volumes of *The Cambridge Medieval History*, it is a continued narrative, thoroughly readable. It is well illustrated, and the illustrations are integrated with the text and the meaning. There are frequent maps and a good index. Altogether, the book fills a real need. For too many years the Middle Ages have been presented in schools and universities as a dark era before the sun of modern enlightenment rose. For those who want to understand the formative period of Western civilization, here is the answer.

New Novels

Two novels of outstanding merit should be mentioned among those appearing this spring. Very different in manner, in content, and in their view of contemporary life, both are distinguished by their honesty and absorbing interest. *The Outsider*

(Harper, \$3.95), Richard Wright's first book since *Black Boy*, is a bleak, terrifying, and unrelieved story of the violent dimension of the modern world. That its hero is a Negro intensifies the parable, but Cross Damon is a symbol of something more universal in the world today. He is a manifestation of that abstract and demonic power in humanity which arises in an individual or in a people torn loose from the fabric of tradition and from the concrete fruitfulness of life. The book has immense power. Every page reflects the agony of Mr. Wright's effort to come to terms with the meaning of life. Despite the lonely horror of this book, the pity with which it is written gives hope that this is but the threshold to a vision which, without denying the dark shadows, can see also the glory of the human fate.

George Lanning in *This Happy Rural Seat* (World Publishing Co., \$3.50), a first novel written with extraordinary maturity of style, has made a haunting lyric of continuity out of the lives of undistinguished people in a Midwest setting. The book might almost have been written to counterpoint *The Outsider*. That so young a man — Mr. Lanning is in his mid-twenties — should have so deep a feeling for the fiber of life is perhaps characteristic of the new younger generation. But that he should be able to write with such sureness and modulation, to make small situations dramatic and

meaningful far beyond their obvious content, to project a tone which is unmistakably his own, without straining — these are signs of a novelist of genuine talent.

MISCELLANY

Pascal, His Life and Works. By Jean Mesnard. Philosophical Library. \$3.75.

This most enigmatic of men — scientist, mathematician, philosopher, theologian and poet of ideas — remains a powerful influence in our day. Many books have been written about him, but as Ronald Knox says in his preface, "There will always be room for more . . . and they will always be written." The life and thought of a man who was one of the fathers of the differential calculus and of the theory of probability, and yet is one of the great religious geniuses of all time, has a peculiar interest for us. We live in a time when the scientific age of which he was a founder finds itself, after brief vaunting of its power, face to face with the deeper spiritual problems with which he wrestled so passionately.

This book is an excellent survey of the man, his work, and his significance. Although M. Mesnard has an undisguised sympathy for Pascal and the Jansenists in their struggle with the Jesuits, the book is never distorted by these sympathies. An introduction to Pascal's personality, a stimulus to the reading of his

works, and a guide to an understanding of them, it is highly to be recommended.

James I. By Charles Williams. Roy Publishers. \$3.50.

James I of England is one of those rather repulsive historical characters most people read about in school and forget as rapidly as possible. Perhaps Charles Williams is the only man who would think of writing about him as a human being, James Stuart, not as an historical figure. But Mr. Williams' ability to seize the action of grace in the most unlikely places is the hallmark of his writing. As in his novels, so in this essay on an average man who happened to be a king, he draws from the ordinary a flickering presentment of the divine in man.

The Private Dining Room and Other New Verses. By Ogden Nash. Little, Brown. \$3.00.

Anyone who doesn't like Ogden Nash, in the opinion of this reviewer should have his psyche trepanned.

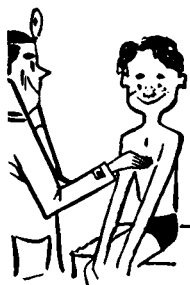
Which is all I am going to say because people who don't like Ogden Nash are people I don't understand.

Although, as an after-thought, I think they might spend a buck or two

And read this new opus to find out if with a little effort they can't prove that after all they're human too.

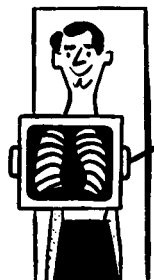
5 facts you should know about heart disease...

Today, hearts are being saved because heart research is making vital, new discoveries—because people are beginning to know these 5 hopeful facts.

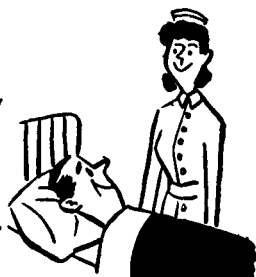


1 Some forms of heart disease can be prevented... a few can be cured.

2 All heart cases can be cared for best if diagnosed early.



3 Almost every heart condition can be helped by proper treatment.



4 Most heart patients can keep on working—very often at the same job.



5 Your "symptoms" may or may not mean heart disease. Don't guess—don't worry. See your doctor and be sure.



...and remember this fact, too...



help your heart fund

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7

Great American Say

RUPERT HUGHES

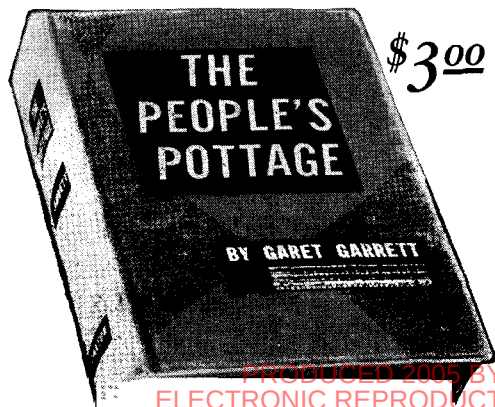
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